THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

May, 1802.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

[With a Portrait.]

HER Majesty was born on the 19th of May, 1744. Her father was Charles Lewis Frederic, Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz; and her mother a daughter of Duke Ernest Frederic, of Saxe Hildbourghausen.

The house of Mecklenburg (which is derived from the Vandal princes, who, joining with the Goths, struck terror heretofore into the Roman eagles, and carried their victorious arms into Italy, Gaul, and Spain) is divided into two branches, the descendants of Albert and John, sons of Henry Leo, Prince of the Vandals, who reigned in the beginning of the fifteenth century; and were received into the number of the estates of the empire (where they have seats in the College of Princes) by Charles IV., who began his reign in 1347. They are distinguished by the titles of Mecklenburg Schwerin, and Mecklenburg Strelitz, which they take from the cities of their residence. The princes of this house were dispossessed of their estates in the beginning of the last century by the Emperor, who gave them to Wallestein, a Silesian (who came to a miserable end); but were replaced, in 1631, by the victorious arms of their cousin-german, the great Gustavus of Sweden.

Their country, which is about 100 miles long and 60 broad, lies in the circle of Lower Saxony. It has Holstein and Saxe-Lauenburg on the west; the Baltic sea on the north; Pomerania on the east; and Brandenburg on the south. A German, who wrote in the last century, remarks, that the house of Mecklenburg had had in marriage, within less than 200 years, six daughters of kings and five of electors.

The exemplary character of the Princess Charlotte induced George the Third, soon after his accession to the throne of these kingdoms, to demand her in marriage. On her arrival in London the royal nuptials were celebrated Sept 8, 1761; and the issue of this marriage has been fifteen children, of which two only (Princes Alfred and Octavius) have died.

The virtues of the Queen have been too apparent to require eulogy; they are engraven in the hearts of our countrymen. "She is," says one writer*, "prudent, well informed, has an excellent understanding, and is very charitable; extremely affable, very pious; and is praised by all the world, both at home and abroad." Lord Chesterfield, in his Letters to his Son, gives her a character in few words, that we think the *ne plus ultra* of perfection.---"You seem," says he, "not to know the character of the Queen: here it is:---She is a good woman, a good wife, a tender mother, and an unmeddling Queen."

Her humane feelings, while yet in her youth, may be conceived from a perusal of the following Letter; which is a translation from one written by her, when Princess Charlotte, to the King of Prussia on one of his victories.

"*May it please your Majesty,*

"I AM at a loss whether I should congratulate or condole with you on your late victory; since the same success which has covered you with laurels has

* Martin Sherlock.

overspread

overspread the country of Mecklenburg with desolation. I know, Sire, that it seems unbecoming my sex, in this age of vicious refinement, to feel for one's country, to lament the horrors of war, or wish for the return of peace. I know you may think it more properly my province to study the arts of pleasing, or to inspect subjects of a more domestic nature; but, however unbecoming it may be in me, I cannot resist the desire of interceding for this unhappy people.

"It was but a very few years ago that this territory wore the most pleasing appearance. The country was cultivated, the peasants looked cheerful, and the towns abounded with riches and festivity. What an alteration at present from such a charming scene! I am not expert at description, nor can my fancy add any horrors to the picture; but sure even conquerors themselves would weep at the hideous prospects now before me. The whole country ---my dear country---lies one frightful waste, presenting only objects to excite terror, pity, and despair. The business of the husbandman and the shepherd are quite discontinued; the husbandman and the shepherd are become soldiers themselves, and help to ravage the soil they formerly cultivated. The towns are inhabited only by old men, women, and children; perhaps here and there a warrior, by wounds or loss of limbs, rendered unfit for service, left at his door, his little children hang round him, ask an history of every wound, and grow themselves soldiers before they find strength for the field. But this were nothing, did we not feel the alternate insolence of either army as it happens to advance or retreat, in pursuing the operations of the campaign: it is impossible to express the confusion even those who call themselves our friends create. Even those from whom we might expect redress oppress us with new calamities. From your justice, therefore, it is that we hope relief; to you even children and women may complain, whose humanity stoops to the meanest petition,

and whose power is capable of repressing the greatest injustice.

"I am, Sire, &c."

In the year 1788, hearing that Mr. Raikes, of Gloucester, understood to be the institutor of the Sunday schools, was at Windsor on a visit to a relation, Her Majesty sent for him to the Lodge, and expressed a desire to know by what accident a thought which promised so much benefit to the lower order of the people was suggested to his mind; and what effects were observable in consequence on the manners of the poor. In a conversation which lasted more than an hour, Her Majesty said, "that she envied those who had the power of doing good, by thus personally promoting the welfare of society, in giving instruction and morality to the general mass of the common people; a pleasure from which, by her situation, she was debarred." —What a glorious sentiment for a Queen!

In fine, Her Majesty is an ornament to the British throne, and a pattern for her sex.

THE OLD WOMAN.

NO. XLVI.

NO species of reading is more instructive or more agreeable than delineations of the manners, character, and countenances of different nations, or of different classes of persons in the same nations. The eye of taste and the heart of sensibility will discover beauties or defects which escape vulgar observation; and a faithful picture drawn of either cannot fail to be of service to those who are inspired with a laudable desire to copy excellencies which are in their nature imitable, or to avoid blemishes which are more inherent in character than in person.

I do

I do not pretend to say, that mere beauty is estimable, unless it be combined with other agreeable and useful qualities; but it is certainly of consequence to those who possess it to know how to set it off to advantage---that is, by uniting it to virtue and merit, which alone can render it irresistible; and it ought to satisfy those who have but a homely countenance and an ordinary set of features to be assured, that neither love nor esteem are necessarily attached to the sparkling eye or the rosy hue; but will be best secured, and longest preserved, by the graces of the mind, which are sure to diffuse an agreeable charm over every shape and face.

In no country, however, it must be allowed, with all the exceptions which justice and impartiality require, can there be found so many personal charms with so much mental beauty as in this; and it is flattering to our sex to reflect, that the most intelligent and observant travellers, men every way qualified to judge and to discriminate, have paid the unfeigned homage of respect to the merits of English women; while they have, at the same time, acknowledged, after an impartial comparison and contrast, the superiority of their beauty also.

Italy has been long reckoned famous for feminine charms; yet the late amiable and ingenious Dr. Moore gives the decided preference to his countrywomen even in this respect. It would be doing injustice to this distinguished writer to deliver his sentiments in any language but his own; and his testimony is too honourable, on a subject in which, it is supposed, ladies feel a peculiar interest, not to communicate it for the gratification of such as may not have already enjoyed the compliment of his applause. In his letters from Italy he thus writes:

"Strangers, on their arrival at Rome, form no high idea of the beauty of the Roman women from the specimens they see in the fashionable circles to which they are first introduced. There are some exceptions; but in general, it must be acknowledged, that the present race of

women of high rank are more distinguished by their other ornaments than by their beauty. Among the citizens, however, and in the lower classes, you frequently meet with the most beautiful countenances. For a brilliant red and white, and all the charms of complexion, no women are equal to the English. If a hundred, or any greater number, of English women were taken at random, and compared with the same number of the wives and daughters of the citizens of Rome, I am convinced that ninety of the English would be found handsomer than ninety of the Romans; but the probability is, that two or three in the hundred Italians would have finer countenances than any of the English. English beauty is more remarkable in the country than in towns; the peasantry of no country in Europe can stand a comparison, in point of looks, with those of England. That race of people have the conveniencies of life in no other country in such perfection; they are no where so well fed, so well defended from the injuries of the seasons; and no where else do they keep themselves so perfectly clean and free from the vilifying effects of dirt. The English country girls, taken collectively, are unquestionably the handsomest in the world. The female peasants of most other countries, indeed, are so hard worked, so ill fed, so much tanned by the sun, and so dirty, that it is difficult to know whether they have any beauty or not; yet I have been informed by some amateurs since I came here, that, in spite of all their disadvantages, they sometimes find, among the Italian peasantry, countenances highly interesting, and which they prefer to all the cherry-cheeks of Lancashire.

"Beauty, doubtless, is infinitely varied; and, happily for mankind, their taste and opinions on the subject are equally various. Notwithstanding this variety, however, a style of face, in some measure peculiar to its own inhabitants, has been found to prevail in each different nation of Europe. This peculiar countenance is, again, greatly varied, and marked with every degree of discrimination between

between the extremes of beauty and ugliness. I will give you a sketch of the general style of the most beautiful female heads in this country, from which you may judge whether they are to your taste or not.

"A great profusion of dark hair, which seems to encroach upon the forehead, rendering it short and narrow; the nose generally either aquiline, or continued in a straight line from the lower part of the brow; a full and short upper lip (by the way, nothing has a worse effect on a countenance than a large interval between the nose and mouth); the eyes are large, and of a sparkling black. The black eye certainly labours under one disadvantage, which is, that, from the iris and pupil being of the same colour, the contraction and dilatation of the latter is not seen, by which the eye is abridged of half its powers: yet the Italian eye is wonderfully expressive; some people think it says too much. The complexion, for the most part, is of a clear brown; sometimes fair; but very seldom florid, or of that brightness which is common in England and Saxony. It must be owned, that those features which have a fine expression of sentiment and meaning in youth are more apt than less expressive faces to become soon strong and masculine. In England and Germany the women a little advanced in life retain the appearance of youth longer than in Italy."

Such are the ideas of a man who to great acuteness of mind joined the happiest art of description; but, after all, the principles of beauty seem to be regulated by taste rather than reason; and no two individuals, perhaps, entertain exactly the same notions of what constitutes its character. Every nation, indeed, has a partiality for some prevailing contour of face and arrangement of features, which, by being most familiar, generally become most admired; yet, at the same time, it will be felt and allowed, that, to the eye of genuine taste, there are certain modifications of colour and form which have an indisputable title to admiration.

But

But though, under the influence of a pure taste, there may be a great degree of coincidence in opinion respecting the BEAUTIFUL, among savage or barbarous nations, where the discriminating principle of taste is either wanting or imperfectly understood, we find the grossest deviations from nature and propriety regarded as conducive to the improvement of the female figure. Some instances of this may serve to amuse; but let us not condemn with unmixed severity, nor ridicule with triumphant pride, what is contrary to our own usages and customs; for, no doubt, an impartial observer would find much to censure and despise in many of those auxiliaries to beauty which we are so fond of employing.

The Japanese ladies gild their teeth; in the Indies they paint them red; the blackest teeth, on the contrary, are reckoned the most beautiful in Guzarat, and some parts of America; while the European nations, in general, study to keep them of a pearly whiteness. In Greenland, the women colour their faces with blue and yellow; and however indulgent Nature may have been to a Muscovite, she would think herself unfit to be seen without a plaster of paint. The same, perhaps, may be said of many of our fashionable belles, who consider it as vulgar to have any other colour except what they buy at the shops.

The smallness of their feet is supposed to constitute the beauty of women in China; and, to accomplish this, they pass their youth in torture from cramping bandages. In antient Persia, an aquiline nose was often thought worthy of the crown; and, if there happened to be two competitors, this criterion of majesty generally decided their pretensions. In some countries mothers break down the noses of their children; and in others press their heads square between two boards. The modern Persians have an utter aversion to red hair (which, by the bye, is not much admired among us); but the Turks are warmly attached to fiery locks. The Indian beauty is smeared with bear's fat; and the female Hottentot enwraps her limbs with

with the raw intestines of sheep. An African lady, to be a beauty, must be fat enough to load a camel; and with us the delicately slender shape is most esteemed. In China, small eyes, as well as small feet, are admired; and the girls are continually plucking their eyebrows, that they may become narrow and long. The Turkish women dye their eyebrows with black, which has a very glossy appearance by night; and, at the same time, they tinge their nails with a rose-colour. These excrescences of the fingers, among some, are worn very long; and, among others, are carefully rounded and pared.

But it would be endless to notice all the various arts which are practised with a view to heighten female beauty, however false the principle on which they proceed. In a word, so fluctuating is the opinion of mankind on this subject, that we may apply to *beauty* what Pope says of *vice*:

> But where's th' extreme of vice was ne'er agreed:
> Ask where's the north?—At York, 'tis on the Tweed;
> In Scotland, at the Arcades; and there,
> At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.

SEVERN VALE;

OR, THE HISTORY OF MATILDA MADEN.

[Continued from p. 252.]

IT has been observed, that there are moments in the life of every man when conscience represents the enormity of vice; and, though the monitor may remain silent for many years together, yet at some unexpected period it will loudly speak. This was the case with the abandoned being who had been the cause of all the amiable Mrs. Maden's woes; for, though he had for years triumphed in the practice of iniquity, he at length felt conscious of the extent of his crimes; and his own reflections rose up in judgment

judgment against him, and embittered every moment of his life.

A short time after he had taken possession of his appointment in India, a young lady of the name of Collier arrived, whom Mr. Maden no sooner beheld than he recognised as an old acquaintance, who was rather mortified at having met him in an eastern clime. Miss Collier was the daughter of a nobleman's steward, who had received an education ill adapted to her situation in life; the consequence of which was, that she soon despised her parents, and thought herself above fulfilling the duties of a daughter or a wife. The society of those persons with whom her family associated created in her mind a degree of abhorrence and disgust; and she was constantly complaining of the injustice of fortune in not having placed her in a more elevated sphere. Her face, though not beautiful, might certainly be termed pretty; and Nature had bestowed upon her an exquisitely sweet voice; in the exercise of which, and the reading of novels, she contrived to pass away the tedious hours of time. As she was one evening playing and singing an Italian composition, which she had learned during the time she was at school, a young baronet, who was staying on a visit at the castle, in passing under the window, was attracted by the sound; and, not thinking it necessary to use any ceremony with Mr. Collier, knocked at the door upon some trifling pretence. Daily visits were the result of this easy introduction, which terminated in the young lady's elopement from her friends; when, after living two years in the public capacity of his mistress, she was discarded, in consequence of his marrying a rich wife, whose relations stipulated for this arrangement before they could be induced to give their consent; and five hundred pounds was the only compensation which the ill-fated girl received for the loss of her fame.---To return to the spot where her innocence had been sacrificed was impracticable, unless she had been lost to all sense of shame; she therefore resolved to devote the five hundred pounds to equipping herself

herself for India, as she had an uncle who had resided there for many years. This plan was no sooner thought of than put into execution; but during the voyage she formed an attachment with one of the mates, who would have married her, had it not been for one of the passengers, who disclosed the situation of her former state. Immediately as the ship landed this circumstance was announced, and it soon came to the uncle's ears; who, though he had at first received her with the warmest affection, told her, that, by the next ship which sailed, he should send her home.

What she had, at first, considered as unlucky she now thought fortunate, and she was determined to make Mr. Maden her friend; who, delighted at the prospect of having such a companion, immediately removed her to his house. Though she was absolutely incapable of feeling affection, yet she possessed an uncommon portion of art; and contrived to make him believe that his happiness was the first object and desire of her heart. Under this deceptive though pleasing delusion this worthless man for several years remained; but, the moment he had secured her an ample independence, her conduct became entirely changed. Instead of the tender, anxious mistress, who seemed to anticipate all his desires, she in a short time became a petty tyrant, whose power he felt absolutely compelled to obey. His health, during this period, was daily declining; and the physicians gave it as their opinion that he could only recover by trying the effect of his native air; yet he found it impossible to break through this unfortunate connexion, and it was equally impracticable to let her accompany him home. When his mind was thus incapable of contending with a woman whose sole object had been the securing an independence to herself, it naturally reverted back to her whose sweetness of disposition would have instigated her to promote the happiness of his life. His character was too well known for him to derive the consolatory comfort of thinking there was one being in the creation who felt interested in his fate; and in this wretched state

state of mind the letter found him which gave an account of Mrs. Maden's death.

Grief, remorse, anguish, and contrition, at first deprived him of the power of speech; but at length, recovering from these emotions, he exclaimed——

"Yes, my Matilda! I will be a father to thy child!--- But, oh!" continued he, "she must detest the monster who has been the means of shortening thy precious life!"

As he had now a something to stimulate him to make an exertion, Miss Collier appeared as a secondary being in his sight; yet, as he thought it a duty to provide for her children, he conceived it necessary immediately to arrange his affairs. Though he had made a settlement of three hundred a year upon her, yet he knew that she was incapable of maternal regard; and, as the surgeon's wife of the settlement was a most amiable woman, he resolved to leave them under her care; and, at the same time, to make her such an allowance for them as to prevent them from being considered as a burden upon her mind.

As soon as Miss Collier found that he really intended to return to England for the purpose of protecting his legitimate child, she practised all those arts which had at first won his affection; but without the probability of obtaining her desires. Had Mr. Maden died in India, which was what she hoped and expected, she knew that she should possess every article in the house, which, upon a moderate computation, she was convinced would not amount to less than *fifteen hundred pounds!* To be deprived, therefore, of that which she had even considered herself in possession of, to a deep, designing woman, must have been productive of pain; and, when she found that neither tears nor fits would assist her, the violence of her expressions were no longer to be restrained. Mr. Maden, however, resolved not to be diverted from his purpose by them, and set out for England in the first ship that sailed; when, after a very prosperous voyage, without any accident, he arrived in the Downs.

(To be continued.)

THE

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER;
OR, THE SCHOOL FOR LEVITY.

A NOVEL.

CHAP. V.

[Continued from p. 238.]

TO the liberality of Mr. Evelyn, Francis was indebted for many luxuries which his bare pay would not have afforded him; and, as he was not naturally extravagant, he seldom laboured under any pecuniary inconvenience. Matilda, however, was too generous in disposition to receive any obligations at his hands, and invariably refused the most trifling present.

"Why will you vex me, Edwards," she would say, when he offered her any trinket, "by placing me on a level with those, who, under the semblance of affection, disguise their mercenary dispositions? Never do I feel an idea of self-degradation, except when you make such proposals to me!---Is not my wardrobe well furnished? Have I not a variety of baubles which I, now, never desire to wear?---and, if I wished for others, my income, even now, would admit of the purchase:---perhaps I am growing ugly in your eyes, and you find some additional decoration necessary to keep awake your admiration."

Thus would she, half seriously, half jestingly, put him from his purpose; nor could Edwards urge it further.---Involved past retraction, he shut his eyes against a few tormenting scruples, which would occasionally rise before him. Matilda had but one fault;---and of that fault he was the origin: and, while he regretted the necessity there was for acting without the advice and opinion of his best friends, he flattered himself, that, when he should with honour be able to acquaint them with every particular, he should stand justified in their eyes.

Various were the conjectures in the mess-room upon the frequent absence of Edwards; and, as far as a joke could be passed, they ventured to rally him. The Major, once, seriously questioned him on the subject.

"My young friend," said he, "I fear you have thought me churlish of late. Some unpleasant family-concerns have made me thoughtful, and, apparently, inattentive; but some accounts which I have heard of you give me apprehension that you have entered into some imprudent connexion:---you were not at your lodgings last night."

Edwards smiled.——"Are you always at home, major?"

"Edwards, that laugh will not do.---Perhaps I take upon me too much in thus questioning you; but, young as I am, I have had some experience in those affairs; and know that the expences attending such entanglements——"

"Stop, my Lord!" cried Edwards, interrupting him, "you are in an error; and I can assure you that I do not abuse the generosity of my patron by any expensive entanglement."

"Then my other conjectures must be still more to your disadvantage---the seduction of innocence, or the contemptible practice of profiting from a woman's favour."

Edwards coloured with indignation.

"From any other, my Lord, this language would be answered by a pistol-shot."

"I know it: but, faith, I did not think you so well versed in the progressive punctilios of fashionable notoriety.---Come, come, Edwards---why these sullen looks?---unveil that little stubborn heart: you will find me your real friend."

A kind word had the power of calming the most angry passions in the breast of Edwards---he held out his hand—

"I am not able to satisfy you, though my heart is willing: my honour is pledged!---employ not the persuasion of friendship to make me a villain."

"Very

"Very sentimental that," replied Clatterton, coolly; "but, my dear fellow, be assured, that, had I pleased, ere now I should have known the whole business, with all your sagacious plans of concealment; but I respect the secret of a friend, whether imparted to me or not, and have been more zealous than yourself to guard it from prying curiosity. I have made our comrades believe that you passed the night in my apartment."

"You are too generous," replied Edwards: "Oh!---why must I conceal the truth from you!"

The servant just then entered with the bill of the trials, with which the major tried to amuse himself while Edwards finished dressing. He had not read long, when, starting from his seat, he cried out——

"Frank! my boy,---huzza!---the secret is out!"

Edwards, wondering what he meant by such an exclamation, received the paper; and, looking at the page to which Clatterton pointed, read——

"The unfortunate Mary Brown, who was executed this morning for the murder of her husband, previous to her death confessed the motives which instigated her to such an heinous crime, which are as follow:

"About nineteen years ago she lived servant with a lady, in ——— Street, who went by the name of Edwards, and who had a male infant, about two months old. The said Mary Brown, then Mary Wilkins, had formed an imprudent connexion with John Brown, her late husband; who, being a man of bad principles, tempted her occasionally to the commission of petty thefts; till, by degrees, he so far corrupted her mind, that she scrupled not to commit an act for which she felt the deepest remorse, which was no less than setting fire to the house in which she dwelt, to conceal a robbery she had recently committed, in which fire she believed her mistress and the infant perished. The jewels, and other valuables, stolen from Mrs. Edwards, were converted into money by Brown, with whom she then absconded; and some papers, the contents

of which she had never thought worth while to inspect, remained in his possession in London, among which was a certificate of marriage."

"You are now to learn," said Clatterton, "that the unfortunate maniac saved from the flames was your mother; and, as the papers may lead to an important discovery, you should hasten to town with all possible speed: in leaving me guardian to your dulcinea, you have nothing to apprehend:---rely upon my honour and friendship."

Edwards required little urging.---Clatterton procured Brown's address from the prisoners; and Edwards, after taking a hasty leave of Matilda, departed.

On his arrival in Sackville Street, the door was opened by a strange servant in mourning. Francis felt a momentary alarm, from which he was partly relieved when the servant, in answer to his inquiry for Mr. Evelyn, informed him that he was indisposed, and could see no one.

"Miss Evelyn, then---"

"Is at home, Sir."

"Give her this card."

The servant returned in a few moments with the card in his hand——

"Miss Evelyn knows no such person."

A cold sickness rushed over the heart of Edwards at this message. He now doubted not that his connexion with Matilda was discovered, and that he was for ever discarded from his guardian's house: but the cold contempt from Georgiana stung him to the soul; and he was silently retiring, when he perceived her descending the staircase, with a light step and smiling countenance.——

"Ah! Francis," said she, extending her hand, "is it you?---young impostor! come up."

Though Edwards could not comprehend the joke, he followed her to the drawing-room, where were two gentlemen in earnest conversation with Mrs. Lucretia, all of whom, as well as Georgiana, were in deep black.

"Here!"

"Here!" cried Miss Evelyn, "I have brought a welcome stranger; and now, perhaps, my dear aunt, you may deign to extend the sublime tip of your illustrious finger to Sir Francis Evelyn!"

Miss Lucretia extended her whole hand to the astonished youth, who vainly intreated from Georgiana a cessation from raillery so ill-timed.

"No raillery in the case, I assure you," she replied, gaily; "but you will not believe me;---so come directly to my father's library, and he shall explain all."

Francis now surveyed the improved person of Georgiana with admiration. The joy of the moment had diffused a glow of animation over her face, which now appeared enchanting; yet it was not her beauty that struck him;---it was expression, devoid of affectation. When she spoke, every feature added energy to her words; and even the playful vivacity of her manner was corrected by grace and dignity.

Mr. Evelyn rose, and embraced him with affectionate warmth.——

"You have been very expeditious, my dear boy: I could hardly have imagined my summons had reached you."

"Nor has it, Sir," replied Edwards. "I came to make search after some papers, which may throw a light upon the long-hidden mystery of my birth.---But, my poor mother---how is she?"

"Much better," returned Mr. Evelyn; "but not yet well enough to bear the whole of our astonishing communication. But you seem still partly in ignorance."

"A variety of things perplex me, Sir:—this sable habit——"

Mr. Evelyn raised his handkerchief to his face; and, going to his desk, took out a letter and roll of parchment.

"Read this"---was all he could say; and hastened out of the room with Georgiana, to overcome his emotion.

"*To Mr. Evelyn.*

"Antigua.

"My dear brother,

"A LINGERING illness, partly occasioned by the climate, but more by the secret anguish of my mind, has reduced me to the verge of that grave which will inclose me ere you receive this. Many years of unhappiness have been my lot; the merited punishment of my early pride and folly. My increasing debility compels me to be brief.

"You may recollect hearing of the daughter of our worthy curate—the blooming Agatha. She was the object of my first affection, and I made her my wife.

"Knowing the ambitious views of my family, I easily prevailed upon the dear girl to keep our union a secret; and her pure, her ardent love for me, induced her to suffer disgrace and obscurity for my sake. Under the assumed name of Edwards she resided in London; and my most intimate associates believed her only my mistress.

"When ordered to America, her situation would not admit of her attending me; and, a few months after my departure, I received, from her own hand, the joyful tidings that I was a father. A severe wound, which I received in a skirmish, prevented my answering this letter with my usual punctuality; and, though I felt all the delights of a father, a thousand proud, revolting thoughts damped the rising pleasure. My affection had but been a boyish, transient emotion; and the offer of a splendid alliance made me curse the rashness that had led me into the trammels of wedlock. I knew the implacability of my father's temper, and dreaded his discovery of the secret I had so selfishly concealed.

"In this state of mind, I listened to the suggestions of a greater villain; and, at his instigation, wrote a letter to her which I must ever regret. In it I informed her, that she must no longer imagine herself my wife; that the ceremony

ceremony which had taken place, and deceived her, was an illegal one; and that, though I should ever think it my duty to support her and the child, she must never presume to interfere in any matrimonial engagement I might thereafter form. I further advised her, with calm, deliberate villany, to report that her husband was dead; and charged her, as she valued my peace and future protection, never to expose herself to my friends. Poor Agatha too scrupulously obeyed me;---from that day I never heard from her again; nor could I, when deeply repenting my cruelty and injustice, obtain any intelligence of her and the child.

"You know all of my past life; but you know not the agonies which preyed upon my guilty mind.---I go to expiate all!---To you, my dear brother, I leave all my estates, not doubting your honour and justice, should the injured beings ever be found from whom I had the villany to withhold the rights of gratitude and duty; their forgiveness I presume not to expect: but from your benevolent heart, I know, a sigh of commiseration will be breathed for the suffering, though guilty,

"EVELYN."

Painful were the emotions of Francis upon the perusal of this letter; nor were they lessened when Mr. Evelyn, who soon after entered, thus addressed him:

"You are now, my dear nephew, prepared to hear that your unhappy father is no more: his wishes I shall consider sacred, even did not inclination second an act of justice. With your father's title, his estates, also, become your's; and, as I know the heart of my Georgiana is your's, take, also, her hand:---she is an invaluable gift; and, I think, you know how to appreciate it as you should. Clatterton, I know, will readily resign her hand, when he knows her happiness is at stake; for his generous soul harbours no selfish thought; and, had I known the real object of her affection

affection sooner, his generosity should have been spared the trial.---But, Frank! you look dull:---what ails you, boy?"

Sad, indeed, were the thoughts of Francis!---His accession to wealth and title affected him little with pleasure; while recollection of the entanglement in which he was involved must give him the appearance of deceit and ingratitude in the eyes of his benefactor. Georgiana, too!---the amiable, affectionate Georgiana!---first object of his infant attachment, from whom nothing but the strongest sense of honour could have torn his affection, was now offered to his acceptance; but, could he obtain her without still baser conduct?---he knew it to be impossible:---the imprudent, the romantic Matilda must have justice done her; she had sacrificed all for him;---now was his hour arrived!

From these meditations he was roused by Mr. Evelyn, who sportively said——

"Come, come, Frank---I guess your scruples; but don't be cast down, boy!---I will settle all with Clatterton:---go ---you will find Georgy in the parlour;---make a few fine speeches to her, and we will, then, drive to Chelsea, where I have taken a lodging for Lady Evelyn."

Francis, with very unlover-like steps, walked to the saloon, where Georgiana was at work; and, as any subject was to him more pleasant than that he was desired to chuse, he began to comment upon the drawings with which she had decorated the room. The subjects were various and well executed: one was concealed by a green silk curtain.

"May I undraw this mysterious veil?" asked Francis, touching it with his finger.

"I have no objection," she replied. "It hangs there as a memento of my violent cousin Clatterton's rage. The original has been guilty of an irreparable offence; and the poor production of my pencil has been defaced by his ungovernable resentment."

Sir

Sir Francis drew aside the curtain, and beheld, with an exclamation of astonishment, the portrait of Matilda.

Georgiana started from her chair——

"Francis!---you turn pale.---Do you know the unfortunate Matilda Clatterton?---Her base seducer——"

Francis could not speak:---he sunk on a chair; and big drops of agony fell from his eyes. Georgiana was inexpressibly alarmed; for his countenance assumed the livid hue of death; and she bathed his temples with hartshorn, almost despairing of reviving him. When he recovered, he pressed her hand in silent agony.——

"Dear, amiable friend, excuse me---I must leave this house directly:---when I return, all shall be explained.---Tell your father he must forgive me:---I will see him no more till all is cleared up. Pardon and forgive my distraction;---comfort and protect my poor mother."

He rushed wildly out of the house, in despight of all her efforts to detain him; and, taking a post chaise from the first inn, returned to ———.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE VILLAGE GOSSIP.

NO. XIV.

I ENQUIRED of Maria, this morning, how she had resolved to act with Leonard? She seemed astonished by the question; and, colouring, said——

"I should think myself a despicable object if I did not reject him, whatever might be my feelings upon the occasion; but I declare to you, my dear aunt, that his union with the unfortunate Harriet would, now, rather give me pleasure than pain. My eyes are opened to the delusive infatuation which so long shackled my reason; and I feel this as the just vengeance of retributive power for the levity and

and caprice of my conduct. But I would wish Somerton to act under the impulse of his own feelings, without being biassed by my determination of remaining single for ever."

I could not help secretly smiling at Maria's firm determination of adding to the virgin sisterhood so blooming a member. There was more of pique and mortification in her tone than I could have wished; but the ardent feelings of youth require a long struggle of reason to subdue them: the cautious admonitions of experience may, in time, effect that which momentary reproof, or severe censure, would but defeat.

When Leonard came, Maria retired to her apartment, to remove the temporary embarrassment under which I perceived he was labouring. I read to him Mrs. Woolcomb's letter: he startled at one passage.——

"Yes!" cried he, "it is to her that Harriet may attribute her long desertion. I will own to you, that my sister's pride had great weight with me, when, in a moment of confidence, I made her acquainted with what had passed. Her resentment was violent; and she painted the evils likely to result from such an attachment in colours the most glaring; and threatened instantly to reveal the whole to my father, if I did not faithfully promise to renounce the connexion. Cowardly, selfish fear overpowered every sentiment of honour and generosity. But, now, Madam, I am ready to make atonement---I place my conduct in your hands: regulate it as you please."

"Before we flatter the unfortunate Harriet with false hopes," said I, "let us first try the feelings of your father: ---I see him coming across the lawn;---collect yourself:--- I will prepare him by degrees."

When Mr. Somerton entered, I was caressing the child of Mrs. Chumney, which drew his attention. He played with her awhile; and then, as I expected, made some enquiries concerning her parents. I related their story in a manner I thought the most likely to rouse his feelings; and had the pleasure to find that I succeeded. When I concluded,

concluded, he observed, with a moist eye, that the young man was a villain.

"You are too hasty, Sir, in your conclusions: the young man had friends, who, when he was willing to atone, would not consent to it."

"Then they were brutes," said he, churlishly.

"There, again, you are severe, Sir:---consider, were the case your own."

He struck his fist on the table, and said, with something like an oath,——

"Then, if it was my son, he should take his bargain, or I would marry again to disinherit him."

Leonard rushed out of the room.

"Hey-day!" cried Somerton, "what is this?"

"Forgive me, Sir," said I, in trepidation:---"that child is your grandchild. Leonard has been faulty; but, indeed, indeed, you must not retract your words."

Somerton turned pale and red alternately; he paced the room in agitation;---still he seemed irresolute; and, during that period, I experienced the severest incertitude. At length he came up to me, and, taking my hand, said—

"I will not retract my words, provided you will assist me to validate them.---I have a sincere esteem for you; you have been like a parent to my children---henceforth I place them under your direction; but lest, when their happiness is confirmed, they should murmur at your authority, I expect you will take upon you the legal title of a mother."

Shall I describe my blushes?---No:---I did blush, though; yet it was with surprise, not bashfulness; and, shall I not add, a glow of secret satisfaction tinged my cheek? His blunt way of making love would have rendered any shew of embarrassment like the parade of affectation; I therefore told him, that, though I was not prepared for such a proposal, I had too high an opinion of his worth to give it a positive rejection; but, as several preliminaries required

required to be adjusted previous to such an engagement, begged he would wave the subject, and accompany me to the cottage; whither, I doubted not, Leonard had flown.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE.

THE Emperor, some time since, travelling before his retinue, attended only by a single aid-de-camp, arrived, very late, at a public-house, kept by an Englishman, in the Austrian Netherlands. The house being very full of guests, it was with some difficulty that a bed could be procured for the Emperor; who, after drinking a bottle of indifferent wine, and eating a few slices of ham and biscuit, retired to rest; his attendant, from necessity, sitting by the kitchen fire during the night. In the morning they paid their bill, which amounted to only three shillings and sixpence English money, and rode off. A few hours after, several of his suite came to enquire after him. The publican, understanding whom he had had for his guest, seemed very uneasy.

"Pshaw! man, never mind this affair," said one of his attendants; "the Emperor is used to such adventures, and will think no more about it."

"Ay, that may be," replied the landlord; "but I shall never forget the circumstance of having an Emperor in my house, and letting him off for three and sixpence!"

A SIMPLE REMEDY IN DESPERATE CASES.

CONVULSIVE spasms, attended with alarming catchings of the breath; as also delirium, or light-headedness in fevers; may be relieved only by bathing the feet and legs in a hot bath made of any warm herbs boiled, or barely of warm water.

SERIOUS

SERIOUS THOUGHTS.

NO. I.

MR. EDITOR,

WE give you much credit in this part of the country (Wales) for your zealous endeavours at once to amuse the mind and edify the manners of your readers: but it occurs to me (perhaps from what you will think a very justifiable motive in a clergyman, who is tenderly employed in rearing four daughters of amiable dispositions), that you might with advantage admit one article, at least, every month, of a nature even still more highly important than mere morality. Under this impression, with your leave, I will send you an occasional supply of this kind; and shall begin with a

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MISELLA.

WERE it possible to avoid the stroke or to escape the victorious arm of Death, they would have something to plead for their conduct who shun, with all their power, the solemn reflection; who make it the whole business of their lives to dissipate the important thought of that for which they were created, and to which they are inevitably doomed! But, as no human power can arrest, even for one moment, the fatal dart, as every individual must pass this black and lamentable flood, surely wisdom dictates a serious and frequent attention to so interesting a concern; and reason advises the most diligent survey of this dreaded evil, that we may learn to encounter it with courage, or, at least, to submit to it without reluctance. Death, viewed with a hasty and trembling eye, appears in formidable terror, as the cruel blaster of all human hopes and joys; but Death, viewed with an eye of faith, and contemplated with the coolness of rational deliberation, loses much of

its terror, and is approached with no small degree of complacence and peace.

You tremble at the fear of Death:---come, draw near, and let us see what that is which thus alarms your quickest apprehensions. Seen in the most fearful garb, Death is only the ransomer of frail mortals from the prison of a sinful, painful, and corrupted frame; their deliverer from a transitory and vexatious world; their introducer to an eternal, and---oh! that we could always add---a blessed state! But there---there, alas! is the dread. 'Tis this which clothes Death in his terrors, and gives all the sharpness to his sting. Could we be assured, had we a rational and well-grounded presumption, that the departing soul should enter on a state of felicity, be received into the bosom of its Saviour and its God, we should then universally lay down the load of mortality not only without regret, but with triumph.

Whence, then, comes it to pass --let us no longer lay the blame on Death, for it is fairly exculpated---whence comes it to pass, that we dare to live without treasuring up "this rational and well-grounded presumption," which the christian religion so copiously supplies, and which we are called upon to treasure up by every motive of interest, of common sense, and of duty? If we neglect this, let us not pretend to quarrel with our fate, and to repine at the fearfulness of Death; we ourselves give all his fearfulness to him; and from ourselves alone proceeds the cause of our bitterest disquietude; for God hath plainly declared to us the irreversible condition of our nature.---Our death is no less certain than our existence. He hath graciously provided a sovereign and infallible antidote against the fear of Death in the victorious resurrection of his Son. He hath informed us that our bodies must return to dust; that all our possessions must be left behind; and that a state everlasting and unalterable awaits us---a state of bliss with him, or of misery with condemned spirits.

If

If, then, my soul, deaf to his informations, and regardless of his mercies, thou shalt forget the condition of thy nature, pride thyself in the beauties of thy present body; boast thyself in the possession of thy present state; forget to secure an interest in thy Saviour, by faith unfeigned, and obedience unreserved---thine, and thine eternally, will be the just condemnation; nor can'st thou wonder that the stroke of Death is horrible to thy apprehension; for it will separate thee from all thou holdest dear, and it will convey thee to a region, dolorous and unwelcome, where thou hast no treasure, and canst have neither hope nor love. But remember, in this case, Death deserves no blame; for it is not Death which is terrible in itself; but it is man, foolish man, who renders it so by his inexcusable neglect.

It is from hence arises the fear of Death---from estimating too highly the things of this life, and from forgetting the immutable condition annexed to every mortal blessing. Hence sprung all the mistakes, and all the miseries, of the young, the lovely Misella; and the piercing pangs which tore her wretched parents' hearts.

Misella was blessed, by the great Giver of all good gifts, with a frame peculiarly elegant and pleasing. Softness and sweetness dwelt in her countenance; the down of the swan was rivalled by her skin; her shape was faultless, her limbs were finished with the most beautiful symmetry, and her voice was musical as the harmony of the lute. She was taught from her cradle to value this fine person; and her fond and overweening parents fed the soothing vanity with every food which their dotage could supply. Her education was perfectly polite; adapted to set off the graces of her frame, little calculated to expand or improve the more valuable beauties of the mind. Her taste for dress was remarkably elegant, her manner of dancing particularly genteel; she excelled much at cards, and few were happier in devising schemes, and engaging parties of pleasure. As her voice was charming in itself, so was it im-

proved by art, and aided by the soft touches of the guitar, which she handled with inimitable grace, and preferred to all other instruments, as the attitude in playing upon it is most advantageous for the discovery of a fair lady's gentility.

She very early gave her parents a convincing proof of the mistake they had made in her education, and of their unhappiness in neglecting to inculcate the principles of religious duty and conscientious virtue; for, in her seventeenth year, she married a young officer of inferior rank, and no fortune, with the entire disapprobation of her parents, nay, and in direct contradiction to their commands. The gaiety of his dress, and the charms of his person, captivated her heart; and, unaccustomed to reason and think, she broke through every obligation to gratify her romantic passion.

The blind and excessive fondness of her parents soon induced them to pass over this breach of duty, and to welcome their darling daughter and her husband to their affectionate arms. Accustomed from her cradle to a life of dissipation and pleasure, now that she was free from all parental restraint, she indulged the mad propensity with still greater ardor. From one public place to another, during the summer, she led her passive husband; during the winter, they lived in all the fatiguing gaiety of town diversions. A child was the issue of their marriage; but as the daughter, so the mother was swallowed up in the woman of pleasure: she sent the little infant to her parents, regardless of its welfare if she could pursue her darling gratifications.---The case was the same with a second produce of their conjugal endearments. She looked upon child-bearing as a severe tax paid by the fair sex, and as a horrid obstacle in their way to the possession of those delights which only have any worth or relish in the esteem of a woman of fashion.

My readers will not be amazed if a life of this kind produced no small difficulties in their circumstances. Her parents,

parents, though not very affluent, readily contributed all they could; and---ah! too fond---fed scantily, and dressed meanly, that their daughter might be clad in scarlet, and feast in delicacy. It happened very opportunely that her husband, in the third year of their marriage, was called abroad to attend his regiment. Pleasure was her passion; she felt, therefore, little regret at parting with him. Nor did she live, during his absence, like the widowed wife, and separated friend. She pursued her diversions with redoubled assiduity; was the life of the ball, the delight of the men, the queen of joy. But her constitution, tender and delicate, was unequal to the toil; her nocturnal revelries extinguished the rose in her cheek; her laborious life of pleasure induced a consumptive decay. Besides this, with declining health, her character became equivocal; though it is agreed by all, that she was never criminal, in the sense that word is commonly used; but the want of appearances is often as fatal to reputation as the want of virtue itself. To exhilarate her spirits she had often recourse to improper means; to renovate her beauty, she had constant recourse to destructive art.

Her parents, who seldom saw her, saw her only for a few passing moments, which she could sometimes, though very rarely, steal from her engagements, to dedicate to the children of her bowels, and to the parents, whose only joy, she knew, was in her company. Her parents, hearing of her declining state, wrote, intreated---earnestly and with tears intreated---her to come to them, and to use all proper means for the recovery of her health. She deigned them no reply, but used what appeared to her the necessary method; prosecuting, at the same time, her usual course of pleasure. A dead body, almost, in the bright scenes of revelry and joy, she at length was seized with an acute disorder, which in two days carried her off, in a strange place, at a distance from her friends, and without a relation to close her eyes!

A mes-

A messenger was instantly dispatched to town to her parents;---the parent only can guess at their anguish. The afflicted father flew down to the place of her death with all possible speed; and, when he entered the house where lay the dead body of his child, his only child, the child of his soul——

"Oh! give me my daughter!" he cried out; "let me but see her dear face, though she be dead!---Lead me---lead me to my child!---shew a poor old man the sad remains of all his hopes and wishes!"

Dumb grief prevailed:---the mistress of the house conducted him to the room where lay the pale and lifeless corpse. He threw himself, with unutterable distress, on the bed beside his daughter, and, bedewing her clay-cold face with tears, lay for some time in all the agony of silent sorrow.

"And are we thus to meet!" at length he burst out---"thus!---Oh! my Kitty!---my child! are these dear lips ever sealed in silence!---Ah! all pale and white!---and will those eyes, which used to look upon me with such joy, never, never open more!---One word, my child!---oh! if it were but one word.---Oh! cruel and unkind---that I might not be allowed to watch thee in thy sickness; hadst thou permitted me to attend, yet had thy dear life been saved!——Alas! why do I rave?---she hears me not---pale, indeed, but lovely as ever!——Ah! soft and precious hand---marble in coldness---I will never let thee go.——Oh! my Kitty! my child! my only beloved!---I am undone; for thou art no more.---Oh! that I had died with thee;---would God I might die this moment!---My Kitty! my child! my daughter! my all!"

Here again he burst into an agony of tears, and betrayed all the signs of the most afflicted grief.

But it is unnecessary to dwell longer on this part of our tale; it will be more proper to make some remarks upon it: these, however, together with the very different character of PULCHERIA, must engage the next number.

(To be continued.)

SOME

SOME ACCOUNT OF KLEIST, THE GERMAN POET.

THIS admired poet was born at Zeblin, near Köslin in Pomerania, in the year 1715. He received the first rudiments of his education at the Jesuits' College, at Kion in Poland, and at the public school of Dantzig; and he was entered at the University of Konigsberg at the age of seventeen, where he applied himself to the study of the law, the mathematics, and the belles-lettres, with uncommon diligence and success. After completing the course of his studies, he went to Denmark, where he entered into the army, and applied himself to military tactics with his accustomed diligence. In the year 1740 he went to Berlin, was presented to Frederic the Great, and received by him into the Prussian service. During the two first Silesian wars, he had frequent opportunities of improving himself in his profession, and he soon gained the reputation of being a very accomplished officer.

In the year 1749 he published an elegant descriptive poem, entitled "Spring," and some of his shorter pieces. The war of 1756, in which he served, did not wholly engross him; he still continued to cultivate poetry. The regiment to which he belonged being, for some time, garrisoned at Leipzic, he found leisure to write some more poems, which were soon after published.

In the business of war, Kleist always shewed the greatest bravery. In the year 1759, on the 12th of August, the dreadful battle of Kundersdorf was fought. Kleist attacked the Russian flank, took, at the head of his battalion, three batteries, and received twelve wounds or contusions; and, being disabled in the right hand, he held his sword in his left. The commander of the battalion being slain, he advanced before the soldiers, and, having drawn about him the colours of his regiment, he began the attack of a fourth battery, when a ball struck his left arm, which being no longer

longer able to hold his sword, he again took it in his right hand, notwithstanding its maimed condition. In this manner he proceeded in the attack, when a grape shot shattered his right leg to pieces. He fell from his horse, crying out, at the same time, "Friends, do not forsake the king." Three soldiers bore him out of the battle, and a surgeon being employed to dress his wounds was killed in the act. Soon after, some Cossacks arrived on the spot, and inhumanly stripped him of his clothes, and threw him into a swamp, where he fell into a profound sleep. A party of Russian hussars were more merciful than these wretches; they laid him upon some straw, covered him with a mantle, and placed his hat upon his head. They likewise supplied him with bread and water; and one of them gave him money.

The Cossacks, however, returned early next day; took every thing from him, and left him a second time naked. Towards noon, a Russian officer happening to pass by, Kleist informed him who he was. The Russian had him put into a carriage, and conveyed to Frankfort on the Oder. Every possible care was now taken of him, but in vain; for his bones, which had been set, separating during the night, a vein was burst, which occasioned great loss of blood and strength: though he suffered extreme pain, he bore it with the firmness of a warrior and a philosopher. He died, a short time after this effusion of blood, on the 24th of August, 1759. His remains were interred at Frankfort. The Russian commander of the place, and many Russian officers, the professors and students of the university, with the magistrates, followed the corpse to the grave. No sword being on his coffin, a Russian captain took his own from his side, and placed it thereon; saying, that so worthy an officer ought to be interred with every military honour.

As a poet, Kleist deserves a high rank in the German Parnassus. His productions are replete with poetic ardor, and all the charms of descriptive poetry. His

"Spring"

"Spring" (which, in Professor Spalding's version, affords a fine specimen of modern latinity) is accounted one of the best descriptive poems in the German language. It abounds in the most happy images of rural life and rural pleasures. His idyls breathe the same poetic spirit, and contain the most beautiful and apposite sentiments. His odes are written with uncommon spirit; and his songs possess that easy elegance which is so essential to such kind of compositions.

We subjoin a translation of one of them, by the author of "The German Erato," &c.

DITHYRAMBUS.

(Freund! versäume nicht zu leben:)

Haste the joys of life to share;
Seize the moments as they fly:
Soon shall close the scene so fair;
Soon we droop, and fade, and die!

Laugh at Physic's pert grimace;
Shun the water-drinking train:
Wine, that soothes the soul's disease,
Soothe's alike the body's pain.

Wine, the balm kind Nature pours,
Rosy health and bloom supplies:—
Crown the bowl with fairest flow'rs;
Drink—and glee at bottom lies.

Now his rites let Bacchus claim,
Let his fragrant altars burn;
Soon shall Love the breast inflame—
Love shall triumph in his turn!

ON THE SOURCE OF BURGER'S "LEONORA."

IT has been confidently asserted by several English critics, and gained considerable credit, that Bürger had stolen the materials for his "Leonora" from an old English ballad, entitled, "The Suffolk Miracle, or a Relation of a young Man, who, a Month after his Death, appeared to his Sweetheart." Many of Bürger's friends, however (people from whom he was never in the habit of concealing his literary resources), agree in declaring, that they never heard him make the least mention of such an English song. These critics, perhaps, have never seen but heard only of the old ballad in question, or else the pretended resemblance is too remote to justify their charge of the plagiarism. The editor of the Monthly Magazine, moreover, mentions an extract from Mathew of Westminster, relating to a tale, also occurring in Olaus Magnus, and the Nurenburg chronicle, the catastrophe of which bears an obvious resemblance to the story of Leonora. In Lower Germany, indeed, a legend of this kind was formerly well known to the common people. An old friend of Bürger's, now living at Berlin, can attest this. The poet had sent him Leonora in manuscript; he read it to an elderly lady of his acquaintance in the Duchy of Mecklenburgh; and she remembered to have heard, when a girl, the principal tenour of it, and particularly these two lines——

Der Mond scheint hell;
Die Todten reiten schnell.

Bürger himself always allowed that the fragments of a Low-German ballad had given him the first idea of his Leonora; but it is probable he knew even less of the ballad than what has been since recovered, and is now known to the curious enquirer into the antiquities of Germany. It is so antient, that its poetical structure seems to be lost; for,

for, in its present traditional state, it is mere prose, except some very few passages in rhyme that occasionally occur. Another gentleman relates, that his mother-in-law, a very old lady, living in the bishopric of Munster, has often recited this little tale, which, she says, she frequently heard in her youth. The turn of the narration is as follows:--- The lover enlists for a soldier, is killed in battle, and appears on horseback, at night, before the door of his sweetheart. He raps softly; she asks, Who is there? *Dien leef is dar*, is the reply. She goes out, gets up behind him, and they set off in full gallop. The ghost now says——

De Mond de schint so helle.
De Doden riet so snelle.
Fins leevken, gruvelt di of?

And the damsel answers:---*What scholl mi gruveln! du bust ja bi mi!* At last he arrives at a churchyard. The tombs burst open, the horse and rider sink into the ground, and disappear, and the terrified girl is left in darkness.

Sapperment! er schooll ehn wull gruveln! the old lady says, were generally the concluding words of the piece; and which the relaters humorously superadded.

Allowing, therefore, that the groundwork of the poem was not the sole invention of Bürger, the story has gained infinitely in his hands. The frantic anxiety of Leonora, when she does not find her lover among the troops returning from the war, the consolations her mother gives her, her rejecting the sacrament, and disbelieving in its efficacy, which occasions the appearance of the ghost, are not to be found at all in the oral legend.

As we presume every thing relative to the above-mentioned poet must be interesting in a country where he now begins to be more known than formerly, we beg to subjoin the version of one of his songs (which was written on a real occasion), with which we are furnished by the author of

of "The German Erato," in a new musical collection now in the press at Berlin.

MOLLY'S WORTH.

(Ach, könnt' itch Molly kaufen.)

Could Molly's charms be barter'd
For gold and jewels rare,
And I had countless treasures,
I'd give them all for her.
Let him whom wealth enamours
Still wear its sordid chain:—
But, ah! without dear Molly,
To me all wealth were vain!

If Europe's ample regions
My potent sway should own,
And could I Molly purchase,
I'd gladly yield my crown.
For city, throne, and palace,
And wide-extended mead,
I'd take my blooming Molly,
Were all I own'd a shed!

Tho' Fate alone determines
How long we loiter here,
Yet, could I wing the moments,
And speed their swift career,
Whole years, I swear, should vanish
For hours, were she my own:—
For hours, and dearest Molly,
But mine and mine alone.

GERMANICUS.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF OPULENT INFELICITY.

OF all the eastern caliphs that governed in Spain, none were more distinguished for valour, policy, and magnificence, than Abdoulrahman III. Though he was continually involved in war, the sumptuous splendor of his court

court and his edifices was superior to any thing the world had seen before. He built a new city at the distance of about three miles from Corduba, which he called Zehra, the name of a favourite female slave. Here, likewise, he erected a palace, the grandeur and beauty of which could hardly be equalled. It was built by one of the most skilful architects in Constantinople, which city was, at that time (about the middle of the tenth century), the seat of the sciences and fine arts. In this palace were a thousand and fourteen columns of Spanish and African marble, nineteen of Italian marble, and one hundred and twenty, sent by the Greek emperor, of extraordinary beauty. The saloon, called the caliph's saloon, was rich beyond expression. The walls were of the finest marble, and the ornaments of pure gold. In the middle of the saloon was a marble bason, surrounded with various figures of birds and beasts that threw up the water. All these figures were of gold, and adorned with pearls and all kinds of precious stones. The bason itself was made at Constantinople, and the figures executed by the ablest artists there. Above it hung the famous pearl which the Emperor Leo sent to Abdoulrahman. The other apartments of this palace were proportionably superb, and equally expressed the taste and magnificence of their master. In the middle of the royal gardens stood a grand pavilion, where the caliph used to repose after the fatigues of hunting. It was supported by pillars of the whitest marble. The ceiling sparkled with the united splendors of gold, polished steel, and precious stones; but the most extraordinary thing about it was a bason, filled with waves of quicksilver instead of water, which, when the sun shone upon it, produced such a brightness as the eye could not bear to look upon.

Yet, notwithstanding this profusion of beauty and magnificence, Abdoulrahman was far from being happy; as will appear from the following curious memorial, which was written by himself, and found after his death:——

"From the first moment of my reign to the present time, I have kept an exact account of those days in which I enjoyed true and unmixed pleasure; and I find that the number does not exceed fourteen.---Mortals! consider what this world is, and what value we should set upon the pleasures that it offers. Nothing seemed to be wanting to my felicity; I had wealth, honours, and, to say all in one word, sovereign power.—Feared and respected by contemporary princes, who envied my happiness, were jealous of my glory, and courted my friendship. Fifty years have passed since I ascended the throne; and, in that long space of time, it is with difficulty I can make out fourteen days whose course was uninterrupted by any infelicity."

A COQUETTE'S ACCOUNT OF HERSELF.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM, you must know, a young woman whose whole dependance is on my person and accomplishments; and, as I would willingly be married to a man of fortune, a description of both may be necessary.—In the first place, I have a sweet figure, charming teeth, and the finest eyes in the world; my face has a good deal of wholesome flesh and blood about it, and I fancy myself possessed of a constitution very little favourable to the physicians.—Then, as for my accomplishments, I can sing all the songs in Artaxerxes like a Billington or a Banti, have a natural taste for extravagance and pleasure, and am passionately fond of running into debt.—I am, in the strict sense of the word, a bewitching girl, and very happily calculated to break a husband's heart. If any gentleman, therefore, has the least inclination to be made both miserable and a beggar, he can by no means apply to any person more devoted to his service.—But then I expect settlements pretty considerable. For making a nobleman unhappy, I could not think of less than two thousand a year,

year, though fifteen hundred might possibly be accepted from a commoner. You may, perhaps, laugh, Sir, at hearing me talk of making the man miserable who shall honour me with his hand, as an argument in my favour; but you do not remember, that the more universal any custom is, the more fashionable it must be considered; and that making each other wretched is one of the politest accomplishments among certain people of distinction.—Not but that I can preserve appearances tolerably well: I could say "My life!" to a husband, at the same time that I was winking at another man in company; and call him "A dear creature!" at the very time that I thought him the greatest brute in the universe.

THE TALISMAN OF TRUTH.

An Oriental Tale.

ZULIMA, the daughter of Abukazan, was formed for pleasure, finished for delight. She was tall as the towering palm, and straight as the lofty pine. Her countenance was animated with the glow of health, and her smile was as the dawn of the vernal day. Symmetry was discernible in every limb---in every gesture grace. The hearts of the young men bounded with joy at her approach; they declared she was fairer than a Houri; and even the daughters of the land confessed she was beautiful. Yet, with all her personal advantages, Zulima, though she excited admiration, could not attract esteem. She was thoughtless and volatile, fantastical and capricious; and so giddy with the intoxicating fumes of adulation, that she spent the greatest part of her time in changing the position of her vestments, and in altering the arrangement of her jewels. Sometimes she braided her jetty tresses, which were black as the feathers of the raven, and turned them up under a muslin,

bordered with silver and gold; sometimes she suffered them to flow carelessly on her shoulders, over an azure robe, and placed new-blown roses on her forehead, which was as spacious as a full moon. Sometimes she threw a transparent veil over her, but practised a thousand arts to make it rise and fall, and discover to the enamoured gazer teeth white as the tusks of the elephant, lips red as the ruby of Ava, cheeks tinged with the blushes of the morning, and eyes piercing as those of the eagle. While she was reclined on a sofa, one evening, after a sultry day, under a pavilion in the garden of her father Abukazan, and lay ruminating on her methods to increase her charms and extend her conquests, she saw a thick smoke rise out of the ground. It curled like a vine, and ascended like a column. While she was earnestly watching its progress, a little old man, with a beard whiter than snow, which reached to his feet, appeared before her.

"Zulima," said he, "listen to the voice of instruction, and let not the accents of reproof be disregarded. I am the genius Abdaric. I behold thy beauties with delight. —Be not, therefore, vain; for know, I behold them with concern. I am come from the bottom of the earth to teach thee wisdom, and to snatch thee from destruction. Follow my advice, and be happy. Thou vainly fanciest, unthinking Zulima, that the fame of thy beauty will be wafted to the pinnacles of Agra by the sighs of thy adorers, and that their applauses will be heard from the cliffs of Taurus to the Indian ocean. Thou dost not consider, frail child of the dust, that thou art subject to the most loathsome distempers. Thou dost not consider that a leprosy may render thee an object of detestation, and that the springs of life may be poisoned by maladies innumerable. If the angel of Benevolence should intercede for thee at the throne of the great Alla; if the Governor of the Universe should command the clouds of sickness never to burst upon thy head, yet no interceding angel can rescue thee from the gripe of age, and disengage thee from the talons of decrepitude.

tude. Thy love-darting eyes must lose their lustre, and grow dim with years; thy blooming cheeks must be shrivelled like autumnal leaves; and thy graceful body must be bent like the bow of the hunter. Thy admirers will then shun thee with as much caution as they would the mouth of a famished tiger, or the jaws of a hungry crocodile; and start from thee affrighted, as if they felt the sting of a scorpion, or the puncture of an asp. Then wilt thou be the unhappiest of women. Thou adornest, with too much solicitude, thy outer form, which will perish like a garment devoured by the moth, and which will be smote by the arrows of death, as grass is levelled by the scythe of the mower; whilst thy mind, which will endure for ever, resembles the barren mountain, or the uncultivated desert. Think, therefore, O daughter of Pleasure, ere it be too late; reflect, whilst thou art capable of reflection. I am come from the bottom of the earth to make thee wiser, better, and even more lovely.—Watch thy behaviour with the strictest vigilance, and let not the slightest signs of pride, levity, or self-admiration, be perceptible in thy looks, thy actions, or thy words. Seem not to be conscious of thy charms, and they will beam forth with redoubled splendor; forget that thou art fairer than other women, and thou wilt be the fairest among them. Be not over-studious to make thy neck shine with the glossy pearls of Manar, and thy hair glitter with the diamonds of Golconda. Be neat in thy person; be plain in thy apparel. Simplicity is beyond magnificence. 'Loveliness wants not the aid of ornament; but is, when unadorned, adorned the most.' Do not hang over fountains for the pleasure of seeing thy image reflected in them.—Such a desire can only be prompted by vanity, and ought, therefore, to be suppressed. Censure not thy virgin companions, because they have not the same external attractions thou art favoured with; for they may be possessed of accomplishments superior to thine, though they are not so conspicuous. Behold this talisman;—view it with attention:

it is the talisman of Truth, made with the finest crystal and so wonderfully constructed, that it will not only shew thee what thou art, but what thou shouldest be. When thou resemblest in every respect the character I have drawn for thee, thou wilt appear in the most amiable light; but when any irregular passion, or any vicious inclination, takes possession of thy heart, and stimulates thee to commit an unbecoming or an immoral action, thou wilt see thyself in the most odious colours; thou wilt be changed into a monster of ugliness. In such circumstances think on me. Repent, reform, and thou wilt be restored to thy pristine beauty."

When the genius had uttered the last word, he put the talisman into her hand, and instantly disappeared with the pillar of smoke; but left a scent behind him grateful as the evening breeze which plays among the Sabæan spices, or the fragrant gale which flutters upon the gum-distilling trees of Arabia.

Zulima's astonishment at the sudden appearance of the genius deprived her of the powers of speech; but the various emotions which she felt during his address to her where charactered in her countenance. When he told her that he was delighted with her person, she threw off her veil with exultation: her eyes sparkled with joy; her bosom panted with satisfaction; but when he informed her that she was subject to the most loathsome distempers, she trembled, and grew pale. She was chilled with horror when he talked of the gripe of age, and shuddered at the mention of the talons of decrepitude. When he told her she would be deserted by her admirers as soon as she had no charms to allure them, she was torpid with amazement; but when he afterwards assured her she would become more beautiful by regarding his admonitions, her heart danced with rapture, and her lips quivered with ecstacy. She was somewhat disconcerted to hear him prefer plainness, neatness, and simplicity, to pomp, grandeur, and magnificence; and to hear self-admiration and censoriousness condemned

condemned by him with severity. She was convinced, however, soon after his departure, that it was necessary to follow the rules he had prescribed; for, on surveying herself in the talisman, she discovered such an alteration in her person, that she was struck with fear, and let it fall to the ground; but, when she carefully took it up, with a wish that it might not be broken, she looked, on a second view, as engaging as ever. From that moment she determined to obey her monitor with punctuality; and, after having prostrated herself to implore the assistance of him who dwelleth in the third heaven, she returned to the house of her father.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ON THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN WEDDING AND MARRIAGE.

If both sexes would but correct their depraved taste, moderate their ambition, and place their happiness upon proper objects, we should not find felicity in the nuptial state such a wonder in the world as it now is.

ANON.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

SIX weeks ago I received an invitation to the *wedding* of a friend of mine; but was surprised, I own, that he made use of so antique a word, because he is a young man of sense and politeness; for, old as I am, I keep good company;---that is, I go now and then to routs and balls, auctions and masquerades. Sometimes I have the honour to breakfast with a lady of quality before she is up, and to be taken notice of by a great man before he goes to court. I sometimes make my appearance at Billy Dimple's toilet; and once spent an evening with Jack Sulphur, who is the sprightliest buck about town, and a blood to the backbone; yet, in spite of all my efforts to catch the polished

polished manners of the age, I am frequently told, by the *best-bred people in the world*, that I am too formal, particular, and full of compliments; and that ceremony is quite out of date. 'Tis true, I can't get rid of some awkwardnesses which I unfortunately acquired in the juvenile part of my life: I make a profusion of bows, especially to the ladies, and never presume to be covered in their presence; nay, I often run to hand them out of coaches, and assist them in stepping over kennels. By this officious behaviour I am sensible I expose myself to the laughter and contempt of the *beau monde*, and discover myself to be, what I would not always be thought, both an old fellow, and an old-fashioned fellow. However, notwithstanding this propensity to be over-complaisant, I was not a little shocked to see the word *wedding* written on my friend's card, because the word *marriage* is so much more in vogue, and expresses the present manner of cohabitation among people of condition so much the better. But, as I have a mortal aversion to prolix definitions, I shall only give my readers a sketch of a couple wedded and a couple married, and leave them to make what animadversions they please on the former and on the latter.

I accepted of Mr. Fairlove's invitation, and set out with several of his relations to a seat belonging to the bride's father, at which we arrived on Saturday night, and from which we sallied forth the next morning, and attended the young couple to the parish church, where the nuptial ceremony was performed in the face of a staring congregation. The bridegroom gloried in showing, in the most public manner, that he had chosen a woman with a fortune equal to his own, who was not ashamed to avow openly her affection and esteem for him; and who was remarkable for nothing but an agreeable person, solid understanding, sweet disposition, and an amiable heart. The day was spent in harmless festivity, and the next week, according to the old ballad, "all the whole country came in." When they had received the congratulations of their neighbours, he brought his

his lady to London, a place which she never had seen during the days of her maidenhood. I waited on them last Monday, about the hour of tea-drinking; and, as I found the bride full dressed, I offered to take leave of them till a more convenient opportunity; but they both pressed me to stay with so much heartiness, that I could not resist their entreaties.

"Though, my dearest Nancy," said Mr. Fairlove, "was going abroad, I am sure she will be glad to be prevented by Mr. B———."

"Undoubtedly," said she, "the company of Mr. Fairlove's friends will be at all times extremely agreeable to me."

After this obliging speech, she sat down to the tea-table with the utmost good-humour. I opened the conversation by asking her how she liked the town, and whether she had visited the public diversions?

"Mr. Fairlove, Sir," said she, "has been so kind as to carry me to the opera and play; but I am much afraid that I shall never be inclined to go to public places often enough to qualify myself for the polite conversation of a visiting-room, which, I find, is only kept up with spirit by those who frequent them."

I was going to make a reply, when my uxorious friend prevented me, by saying, with a smile of fondness——

"Indeed, my dear, you must not be so closely attached to home and your husband.---People of fashion will say I have married a mere rustic, and hoot at me for having so poor a taste. My wife," continued he, turning to me, "is a very unfashionable creature; for she will not accept of above half the sum I proposed to lay out in jewels, and I can't persuade her to let me entirely new-furnish my house. She tells me, that the fire in this stove, which I have had a twelvemonth, will afford us as much warmth as if it had been made in one of the last pattern; and that she can be as happy in these chairs, which have been

been in the house twice as long, as in a modern set, finished in the most elegant manner by Mayhew."

I felicitated him on being blessed with a partner for life of so uncommon a disposition, and soon afterwards withdrew.

> ——————Each by each admir'd,
> In mutual honour, mutual fondness, join'd;
> Like two fair stars, with intermingled light,
> In friendly union they together shine,
> Aiding each other's brightness.
>
> LYTTELTON.

Yesterday I paid a morning visit to a pair of a very different turn. Sir Harry Squander lately made his addresses to Miss Fade, a rich, worn-out toast (in order to discharge some honourable debts), who encouraged them for the sake of his title, and gave up her person and fortune to his disposal after a week's courtship. They were yoked together one night at ten o'clock in her dressing-room, by the help of a special license, because her delicacy would not permit her to make herself a public show. After I had been announced by half-a-dozen strapping fellows, with their hair *en papillotes*, who would have made a better figure in the first troop of Horse Guards, I was conducted to my Lady's apartment, in which I found her Ladyship rising from her toilet, with her face just finished, and Sir Harry lolling carelessly in an elbow-chair, with his hat on, and a message-card in his hand. I approached respectfully, and saluted her Ladyship; but, though I scarcely touched her, I unluckily carried away half her cheek. This accident very much disconcerted me, for I hate to do mischief. Sir Harry smiled to see that I had stolen some of his lady's bloom, and entreated me to sit. I complied with his request, but not without a little confusion; and, for want of something else to say, expressed my satisfaction to see them at home together.---But here I made another *faux-pas*; for my Lady said——

"Ay,

"Ay, indeed, Sir Harry, it is quite against the rule I have prescribed to you to sit down in my apartment. I hope, Mr. B——, you don't imagine we sit together; but he has just received a card from some of his fusty cousins, who nobody knows; strange, awkward folks, who will come to see us, as they call it, whether we will or no.---Lard! how troublesome people are who know nothing of the world!---one has so much fatigue with them."

"Well, well!" said he, "you know you must have them; therefore fix the day."

"Lard! Sir Harry," cried she "do you imagine I will fix a day?---it will certainly be murdering a day, to all intents and purposes, you know.---'Tis a monstrous thing, I swear, that one cannot marry a man without marrying a whole tribe of his relations."

I perceived a discomposure in Sir Harry's countenance at the close of this sarcastical speech, though he strove to conceal the emotions which he felt; and replied, with an air of unconcern,——

"Well, Madam!" have them or not, just as you please; I care not a pinch of snuff about the matter.---I shall dine abroad to-day:---come, B——, you shall go along with me."

"Oh! if you are going to the chair-maker's," said she, with sparkling eyes, "order the wretch to new line my chair.---I don't like crimson; I would have the nicest white satin, and tassels as large as Lady Followmode's."

To this speech Sir Harry only whistled an answer, and was going out of the room, when she recalled him with these words——

"I shall send my bracelets to be new set with large brilliant roses, like the Duchess of Glitter's, and order some more stars for my head.---And, do you hear, Sir Harry? I have engagements for every night this week, which I would not put off for the universe; and therefore can't possibly think of seeing those horrid cousins of your's, if they should come."

Sir

Sir Harry and I then left her Ladyship to her own cogitations. Just at the door of her apartment a servant told him that a gentleman waited for him in the parlour. He ran down stairs as nimbly as he could, while I lagged behind, in order to overhear the important subject of the dialogue between Lady Squander and her woman.---But I got nothing by my curiosity; for the old proverb was verified to a tittle.

"Here, Fidget," said she, "bring the rouge this instant; that abominable beast B——— has undone me.---What an indelicate monster!---He has made such a filthy smear just on the round of my cheek, that I don't believe you can repair it in an hour.---Foh! that such an old fellow as he should think of kissing!---but he is so like all Sir Harry's people."

I was so much chagrined by these uncourteous expressions, which were uttered with a great deal of vehemence, that I retired to my lodgings without taking leave of my friend, whom I pity as much as I despise his lady.

What an unsuitable couple!---Insolent woman!---Poor Sir Harry!---Yet, why do I pity him?---He married her merely for her money, and knew she had nothing but that to recommend her.

By titles dazzled, and by wealth misled,
Minds ill agreeing shame the nuptial bed.

B.

APHORISM.

A GREAT woman not imperious; a fair woman not vain; a woman of common talents not jealous; an accomplished woman, who scorns to shine---are four Wonders, just great enough to be divided among the four quarters of the globe:—*At least, so said* LAVATER.

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF A LADY'S LAP-DOG;

In which will be included the History of several Characters, accurately drawn from real Life.

[Continued from p. 249.]

TO a mind suceptible of the most benevolent emotions, Cawthorn's letter could not fail of imparting delight, and my mistress perused it with those gratifying sensations which are much easier to be imagined than defined. For six months after this circumstance my felicity continued, but was suddenly interrupted by a most unexpected stroke; for the amiable being who had received me under her protection was suddenly taken alarmingly ill. Her brother, of course, was immediately sent for, and brought with him the first medical assistance from town; but the moment they beheld the nature of the disorder, they pronounced it impossible to preserve her life: when I heard them make this dreadful declaration; I involuntarily set up a most melancholy howl, for I had no other way of testifying my anguish, and the feelings of the heart are not to be controlled.

As soon as I had, in some degree, recovered from the agitation which this dreadful intelligence had inspired, I hastened to the door of my mistress's apartment, and began to scratch for admission, as I had been used. The nurse opened the door, with the intent to drive me from it; but my beloved benefactress desired that I might come in; when I plainly discovered by her altered countenance that she had not many hours to live.

Mr. Lambert was kneeling by the side of the canopy under which this dying angel reclined, and bathing the parched hand which was extended towards him with the sympathizing dew of fraternal tears.

"My beloved Edward," said she, raising herself from the pillow, and looking most affectionately in his face, "this is an event which I have endeavoured to be prepared for; and I bless God that I feel perfectly resigned to my fate.---

Do not then, my dear brother, embitter my dying moments by letting me see you unresigned :---I have lived to behold you again, which was all I prayed for; therefore do not destroy the resignation of my mind. I have long since arranged all my worldly concerns, and I feel convinced that all my requests will be fully observed; therefore the short time I am destined to remain in this earthly abode I wish to devote to my eternal peace."

At that moment the clergyman entered, and the agitated Mr. Lambert retired.

After having participated in the last institution of our Saviour, with those consolatory sensations which true religion reveals, she desired that her brother might be called into her apartment, to receive the last proof of her tenderness and regard. Scarcely had she expressed this wish to her attendants, when she suddenly lost the power of speech; and I heard them, in a whisper, declare to each other that she had not many minutes to live. Frantic at the idea of so suddenly losing my benefactress, without reflecting upon the consequences, I sprang upon the bed; when, after gazing upon me with a look never to be forgotten, she placed Mr. Lambert's hand upon my head.

"I understand you, my beloved sister," said this fondly attached brother. "Your little favourite shall never be in want of a friend."

So saying, he stroked me with fondness, and removed me gently from the bed.

For about two hours my mistress remained speechless; when, suddenly springing up, she caught Mr. Lambert round the neck; and, as he was pressing her to his fraternal bosom, she groaned deeply, and instantly expired.

The grief which every part of her family felt at this melancholy circumstance, was too violent to be restrained within moderate bounds; and there was not a person within the vicinity of our dwelling who did not seem to participate in their loss.

As

As soon as the mournful ceremony of the funeral was over, and my new master had fulfilled all his sister's requests, he gave directions for the sale of the house and furniture, as he had just purchased an elegant villa near town.

Though I had every reason to be satisfied with the treatment I received from Mr. Lambert, yet I could not help repining at my unexpected loss; for I missed the caresses to which I had been accustomed, as my master spent great part of his time from home. I soon discovered, from the conversation of the servants, that he was shortly to become a married man; and that the lady on whom he had placed his affections was as beautiful in form as she was unamiable in mind. This young lady was the daughter of an East India officer, who had left his widow in a very circumscribed state; but, as he had been highly respected for the gallantry of his conduct, his friends annually contributed to her comfort and relief.

Mrs. Vansitart, which was the name of this lady, was a woman of a deep and designing mind, who had educated her daughter in her own principles, and taught her to think a rich husband the first object in life. As Mr. Lambert happened to be intimate with some of their connexions in India, he had the charge of some presents committed to his care; and, to testify his esteem and friendship for the parties, he resolved not to entrust them into any other person's hands.

To a man just arrived from a country where women are considered as beings of a superior race, the charms of Miss Vansitart could not fail to appear striking, and her mother instantly perceived the effect they had produced. The marrying her daughter to a man of property had always been the first object in this lady's mind; and the letters which Mr. Lambert brought not only described him as a man of large fortune, but a gentleman of high birth; it may, therefore, naturally be supposed that she availed herself of her friend's introduction to give him a general

invitation to her house, and both mother and daughter had contrived to render those visits so agreeable, that the attracted East-Indian was seldom away. Miss Vansitart played tolerably well upon the piano, and her mother had a very fine voice; and, as several of their acquaintance happened to be musical, they contrived to make up a little concert every night.

This intimacy continued for some months after Mr. Lambert's arrival, without either mother or daughter perceiving any forwardness in their design; for, though few evenings passed without his joining their little party, they could never discover either tenderness or embarrassment in his address; in consequence of which they began to feel apprehensive, that, though he admired the young lady's person, he had no thoughts of making her his wife. As several circumstances occurred to confirm them in this opinion, the fertile mind of the mother suggested a new scheme; and this was no other than to write herself an anonymous letter, to say, that Miss Vansitart's constantly receiving the attentions of a man of so much gallantry as Mr. Lambert, had been very injurious to her fame; and that there was not a family within the neighbourhood of Richmond who had not censured her conduct; that a young man of fortune, a relation of the writers, had actually intended offering his hand, before Mr. Lambert arrived; but, observing the footing upon which he was received in the family, he had entirely relinquished his original design. The letter then concluded with an assurance to Mrs. Vansitart of the writer's being one of her sincerest friends.

No sooner had this idea struck this ingenious mother's imagination than she immediately communicated it to her child; who, delighted at the sagacity of the invention, was anxious to have it executed without loss of time. The letter, of course, was immediately put into the penny-post office; and it was agreed that the next time Mr. Lambert visited them, Miss Vansitart should not appear: in addition to this circumstance, the mother was to seem labouring under some painful depression of mind.

As Mr. Lambert was a man both of feeling and penetration, they naturally expected that his sympathy and curiosity would be excited by this scheme; and that he would not only make Mrs. Vansitart an offer of his services, but entreat her to consider him in the light of a friend. This conjecture was completely realized; for the absence of the young lady created his surprise, and this was increased by observing that her mother gave evasive replies to the enquiries he made. Although she seemed to endeavour to appear chearful before him, it was evident to him that she had some inward grief; and his heart, which always participated in the distresses of others, urged him to offer her every relief. He had heard that her income was very limited, and that she was, in some measure, supported by the bounty of her friends; some of these, he thought, might have withdrawn their accustomed kindness, and that might be the occasion of her present distress. He felt, that few circumstances would make him so happy as the being able to contribute to the comfort of persons who had always treated him with the most friendly regard; yet he dreaded the idea of wounding Mrs. Vansitart's feelings, by venturing to offer any pecuniary aid. Amelia Vansitart had always, in his presence, appeared to possess the most susceptible mind; and he concluded that her sensibility had been so completely wounded, that she was not able to come down stairs. These ideas were so strongly impressed upon his imagination, that he could hardly divest himself of them during the hours of sleep; and, as soon as he arose on the following morning, his footsteps were involuntarily directed towards Mrs. Vansitart's house. The same mockery of misfortune was again exhibited; and his feelings were again wounded by the idea of Amelia's distress; for, as she prudently withdrew herself from his observation, he could not suppose she was feigning imaginary grief.

"I fear, my dear Madam," said he, approaching her respectfully, "I shall be considered as an intruder in your

house; but I can easily perceive that some unpleasant circumstance has made an impression on your mind, and the absence of your charming daughter convinces me that something disagreeable has occurred: suffer me then, my dear Mrs. Vansitart, to assure you, that I am only anxious for an opportunity of proving myself your friend; and I intreat you candidly to say whether I can serve you; for I feel an interest in your welfare which I know not how to describe."

"I am flattered, my dear Sir, by those professions of friendship," said the apparently agitated Mrs. Vansitart, with an embarrassed air; "but you are the *last* person in the world to whom I could disclose the *cause* of the uneasiness which I feel."

It was Mrs. Vansitart's intention to raise Mr. Lambert's curiosity by the emphasis she placed upon the last words; and she so far succeeded, that he most solemnly protested, that, unless she explained herself, he would never quit the house. After a variety of excuses, and numerous hesitations, she began by expatiating upon the illiberality of the world; when, after much persuasion, she drew the letter from her pocket, and placed it in his hands, saying---

"This, Sir, is the cause of the agitation you have witnessed; for what mother is not interested in the character of her child?"

Mr. Lambert perused the letter with a variety of emotions, which were easily to be discovered by the rapid changes in his face; and, when he came to the conclusion, he enquired of Mrs. Vansitart, whether she had formed an opinion by whom it was wrote.

"The hand," said she, "I know to be a disguised one; yet the author of it is easily traced; and I am convinced it was written by the amiable Lady Penderton, who is god-mother, and has acted the part of parent to my child."

Lady Penderton was not only a woman of the first consequence, but one who was entitled to universal respect; and

and, as Mr. Lambert had occasionally met her in society, he was astonished at her mentioning him in such degrading terms.

After returning the letter to Mrs. Vansitart, he promised so see her again before night; and, begging her to present his compliments to her daughter, snatched up his hat, and hastened home. Though Mr. Lambert had never entertained an idea of marrying Miss Vansitart, yet, from want of reflecting upon the consequences, he was too frequently there; and when he found that by being so he had injured her character, he was resolved to make her the only reparation in his power: that very evening he informed Mrs. Vansitart that he was anxious to lay his fortune at her daughter's feet.

(To be continued.)

CAUTION TO THE FAIR SEX AGAINST THE ARTS OF SEDUCTION.

IN THE SHERIFF'S COURT, APRIL 17, 1802.

BARRIFF V. HOLLAMBY.

THIS was an action upon the case for seducing the plaintiff's daughter. The plaintiff, Mrs. Theodosia Barriff, was the widow of an officer who had served with considerable reputation and bravery during the American war. At the end of that dispute, he came over to this country with his wife, the present plaintiff, who was the daughter of a distinguished American loyalist. They took a house in the neighbourhood of Blackheath; where they lived for several years upon an annuity for their joint lives of 400l.

Mr. Barriff died about six years ago, leaving his wife and a daughter, then eleven years of age. Miss Maria Barriff was a young lady extremely well educated, and possessed of uncommon beauty and accomplishments. It happened

happened, about two years and a half ago, that she went to Ascot Heath races, where they accidentally met the defendant, who was introduced to them as the acquaintance of the friend at whose house they resided during their excursion.

The defendant paid very particular attention to Miss Barriff; and professed himself a candidate for the honour of her hand in marriage. Soon after her return home with her mother, she was visited by the defendant, who declared his intention in form; and, as Mrs. Barriff, upon enquiry, found his connexions were respectable, and his prospects flattering, she gave her consent to his addressing her daughter as her future husband. The courtship continued till last summer, when the day for the celebration of the nuptials was appointed. No suspicion whatever of any dishonourable design on the part of the defendant was entertained; consequently it was not thought necessary to impose any restraint with regard to the intercourse of the young couple, who were to be so soon united. They frequently went to assemblies, and different public places; sometimes alone, and sometimes with their mutual friends.

In the month of July last, a few months before the marriage was to have taken place, Mr. Hollamby invited Miss Barriff and her mother to accompany him with a party to Vauxhall. Mrs. Barriff excused herself on account of indisposition; but suffered her daughter to go with him.

The remainder of the case was detailed by Miss Barriff, who twice fainted during the recital. She said, she accompanied the defendant in a coach as far as Westminster Bridge; where they took water, and proceeded to Vauxhall. When they had been some time in the gardens, they joined the defendant's party, consisting of several ladies and gentlemen, none of whom the witness knew. They engaged a box; and, about eleven o'clock, sat down to supper. There were several sorts of wine upon the table, of which the defendant pressed her to partake. In the course

course of the evening several of the company became much elevated, and drank her health as Mrs. Hollamby. Her own spirits were raised by the compliment, and she was persuaded to drink a glass of champaigne. She found herself afterwards indisposed, and signified her wish to return. The defendant and herself quitted the gardens, and he handed her into a carriage, and ordered the coachman to drive to Blackheath. She grew worse, and became totally insensible. When she recovered herself, she perceived that she was in a bed-chamber, with the defendant near her. She was conscious of her situation, and of the outrage she had sustained. She swooned, and was a long time before she recovered. When she came to herself, the defendant endeavoured to appease her; but she insisted on returning home. The defendant told her that it was impossible they could return till the morning; that her mother would not expect her; and that her marriage would take place on the day appointed. She consented to remain, on condition that he quitted the room.---He did so; and she threw herself on the bed, in a state of distraction and despair.

The next morning she returned to her mother, and related all that had passed. It appeared, that the house she had been in had been hired and furnished by the defendant. He never afterwards came near her mother's house; but, on the contrary, paid his addresses to a young lady of fortune in London. Mrs. Barriff waited on the father of this lady, and apprised him of the defendant's dishonourable conduct; in consequence of which he forbade his visits to his daughter. The plaintiff then brought the present action; and, after a full hearing of all the circumstances, the jury, to the great satisfaction of a most crowded court, gave a verdict for the plaintiff, with 1000l. damages.

PUBLIC

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE.

March 9. THE theatre was shut, as a public mark of respect to the memory of the late Duke of Bedford, whose funeral was solemnized on that day.

24. "*The Winter's Tale*" was revived with astonishing success. Mr. Kemble's Leontes, Mr. Barrymore's Polixenes, Mrs. Siddons's Hermione, and Mrs. Powell's Paulina, were performances of very extraordinary merit; and, together with the splendid manner in which the piece has been got up in point of dress and decoration, have brought many crowded houses to witness and applaud it.

A MISS HICKES made her first appearance on any stage, in the character of *Perdita*. She appeared to be handsome in features, and finely formed; but the simplicity and narrow compass of the character make us unwilling to express our opinion of her talents till she shall have had a better opportunity of bringing them forward.—She was favourably received.

April 22. A new Comedy was presented under the title of "FASHIONABLE FRIENDS;" of which the principal characters were thus represented:

Sir Dudley Dorimant, Mr. C. Kemble; Mr. Lovell, Mr. Barrymore; Sir Valentine Vapour, Mr. King; Doctor Syrup, Mr. Suett.—Lady Selina, Miss de Camp; Mrs. Racket, Miss Pope; Miss Racket, Mrs. Jordan; Mrs. Lovell, Mrs. Young.

The piece is said to have been found among the papers of the late Lord Orford, and was first brought out at the private theatre at Strawberry Hill. However it may have pleased, in private, a few generous partial friends, it is but little calculated to pass successfully the ordeal of public criticism.

The scene is laid in London, and the incidents are presumed to pass in a fashionable circle. Sir Dudley Dorimant pretends

pretends love for Mrs. Racket, for the purpose of forwarding his designs upon the hand and fortune of her daughter, a romp and hoyden of the old school. Sir Valentine, the guardian of the young lady, is averse to her marriage with Sir Dudley, and hence arises the necessity for an elopement. A masquerade is the place chosen for the purpose; and the plot is so managed, that the old lady thinks Sir Dudley means to run away with herself, and not with her daughter. The guardian, who was apprised of the plan, repairs to the scene; but, in mistake, he brings back the mother, while Sir Dudley and Miss Racket make their escape. The story is intermixed with a secondary plot, in which Lady Selina plays the principal character. This lady is always pleading the extreme sensibility of her nerves and the delicacy of friendship as the source of her actions, while she is nothing but a compound of hypocrisy and intrigue. Mr. Lovell is the object of her affections; and, the masquerade being chosen for their place of assignation also, another mistake arises, in which Mr. Lovell addresses his own wife instead of Selina. Remonstrance, pardon, and reconciliation, succeed between the husband and wife, and Lady Selina retires in disappointment and disgust.

The views of all the principal characters are inconsistent with the domestic peace, happiness, and honour, of each other, and yet they are living in perfect harmony and professions of mutal regard: hence the piece derives its name of *The Fashionable Friends*, as contrasted with real and pure friendship.

The plot contains nothing new or interesting. The dialogue is tedious in the extreme; and, what is still worse, the general feature of the piece is a propensity to intrigue, a loathing of the matrimonial state, and a display of certain disgusting qualities in fashionable life, without a sufficient admixture of counteracting ingredients to render the *melange* either agreeable or instructive.

Much

Much disapprobation arose at the commencement of the fourth act; and in the fifth a determined spirit of opposition became loud and incessant; but, notwithstanding this, the piece was given out for repetition. On the second performance, however, it was completely condemned, and withdrawn.

COVENT GARDEN.

April 5. A new Ballet, called "BRAZEN MASK; or, *Albert and Rosabella,*" was performed for the first time.

The fable is briefly thus:

Sigismund, Lord of a neighbouring castle *(Mr. H. Johnston)*, disguises himself in a brazen mask, for the purpose of carrying on a system of rapine and plunder without danger of detection. In one of his predatory excursions he sees and becomes deeply enamoured of Rosabella, the wife of Alberto, a substantial farmer in the vicinage. A great reward being offered (even by the Baron himself) for the apprehension of Brazen Mask, Alberto goes with others in pursuit of him. During his absence, the Baron attempts the fidelity of his wife, and on meeting a repulse menaces severe vengeance. The mansion of Alberto is shortly after attacked by the banditti, of whom Brazen Mask is the chief, plundered, and set fire to. Alberto, wounded, is carried off a prisoner, leaving his wife and sister in despair. In this abandoned situation, the artful baron offers them an asylum in his castle; but on their way thither they are attacked by the banditti, who make him and Eliza prisoners, while Rosabella, by the assistance of two of the Baron's attendants, effects her escape. In the mean time the King, being on a progress, visits the Baron's castle: and on learning from Rosabella the cause of his absence, he orders her to be properly attended to, and promises nobility and domains, in addition to the rewards already offered for apprehending Brazen Mask. The Baron and Eliza are brought

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1

Wigman. Dress Maker Hanover Street, Hanover Square.

Payne, Milliner, Old Bond Street.

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brought captives to the cave of the banditti. The former is confined; and, while the robbers are disputing for the possession of the latter, they are unexpectedly commanded by Brazen Mask to restore the Baron to his castle. Alberto, who is confined in a cell in the cavern, is released from it by his younger brother Frederic, who had hid himself in a small chest during the attack upon Alberto's cottage, and, in that state, had been carried off by the banditti, and deposited in the cave. A conflict ensues between Brazen Mask and Alberto; at a critical period of which Eliza fires at and wounds the robber. The banditti now rush in, and are about to sacrifice the farmer and his sister, when Frederic returns with the King and soldiers, who seize Brazen Mask and his banditti. Brazen Mask resists every threat to induce him to discover the Baron, who has not yet returned. He at length, being promised pardon, unmasks, shows the Baron, and dies.

The Manager has acted with his usual liberality on this occasion, and no expense has been spared with regard to the decorations. The scenery is very fine; indeed, we have seldom seen any thing equal to the two views of the salt mine, in which the robbers shelter themselves.

The inventor of the piece is Mr. Fawcett; and no small part of the general approbation that it met with is due to the great exertions of Mr. and Mrs. H. Johnston, Mr. Farley, and Mrs. St. Leger, the latter of whom, in the mad scene, exhibited talents of a superior kind.

April 10. Mr. *Cooke* performed the part of *Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant*, in Macklin's "*Man of the World*;" and deservedly received very great applause. It is one of the best pieces of acting that we remember to have seen, and we have no doubt will be productive to the theatre.

SADLER'S WELLS.

April 19. The interior of this theatre has been entirely rebuilt, and furnished with boxes and other accommodations of a very superior kind in point of elegance and

convenience. Among the new performances with which the season commenced, this day, were, an Interlude called "*Old Sadler's Ghost;*" and two Pantomimes; one called "*The Great Devil,*" the other "*Harlequin Greenlander.*" The scenery is admirable, and the whole went off with very great applause.

ASTLEY'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.

April 19. The season commenced with a new Pantomime called "*The Seven Champions,*" invented and prepared by Mr. Astley, junior. This piece, as a spectacle, possesses considerable merit, and will, no doubt, amply repay the expense which must have been incurred in bringing it forward. The Historical Story of "Fair Rosamond" preceded the Pantomine; and showed the great extent of Mrs. Astley's powers in the pathetic.

THE ROYAL CIRCUS.

April 19. This elegant resort of summer amusement opened with a new, splendid, and interesting Pantomime called "*The Enchanted Harp,*" in which Mrs. Wybrow appears to very great advantage. Her sportive and elegant style of dancing is well known, and she has in this piece ample opportunity of exhibiting her talents; while the part of the Clown, by Montgomery, displays much original drollery and humour. Master Saunders, the celebrated equestrian, renewed his feats of horsemanship with great applause. The grand Spectacle of Rinaldo Rinaldini followed, and continues to be much admired.

Cabinet

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESSES.

1. A hat of blue persian, with ribands and feather of the same colour.—A pelise of white muslin, open on the side, and trimmed with lace. Shoes blue.

2. A gipsy-hat, straw, with ostrich feathers, and ribands of the same colour. The dress flounced. A short pelise of lilac muslin, trimmed with white lace, and pearl buttons. Shoes straw-coloured.

EVENING DRESSES.

3. A head-dress of gold net, with a roll of white muslin in front, bound with a gold loop; the crown of blue sarcenet, hanging behind, and ostrich feathers blue and white. The dress yellow sarcenet, trimmed with white muslin and fringe, and festooned with sprigs of flowers. Shoes blue sarcenet.

4. The head-dress of pink silk; a bandeau of the same, striped with silver; and an ostrich feather, edged with pink. The dress white muslin, trimmed and laced behind with pink riband and silver buttons.

School of Arts.

NO. XLI.

Blanc Mange.

PUT one ounce of isinglass into a pint of milk, with a few cloves, a little mace, and a bit of cinnamon and lemon-peel; let it boil gently till the isinglass is dissolved, stirring

it all the time. Then put in a pint of cream, and let it boil all together about ten minutes; strain it through a fine sieve, and keep stirring it in a china bowl till it is nearly cool; add white wine and sugar to your taste; and, when it is quite cold, put it into cups, dipping the cups into cold water.

To make Whey.

Take two quarts of milk, rather warmer than from the cow; add about two table-spoon fulls of the runnet; stir it, and it will curd in about a minute. If this quantity of runnet should not be strong enough, add a little more; and, when turned, divide it with a knife into squares of about an inch, and let it stand an hour, that the curd may sink to the bottom; then strain the whey through a lawn sieve.

To pickle Oysters.

Scald them in their own liquor; strain the liquor, and let it stand to settle; pour the clear into your saucepan, adding to a quart of liquor half a pint of white wine, mace, and white pepper; boil all together, and just scald the oysters a few minutes.

Cucumber Soup.

Pare eight middling-sized cucumbers: split them, and take out the seeds; then cut them in slips. Cut two large onions at the bottom of the pan, with a quarter of a pound of butter; add the cucumbers, with pepper and salt; cover them close, and stew them two hours; shake the pan frequently, to prevent burning; add three pints of good broth, and give it a boil.

The

The Apollonian Wreath.

ODE,

Occasioned by the late Peace.

[BY J. P. HACKETT.]

ON earth, at last, fair Peace appears!
Array'd in robes of azure hue;
Her smiles disperse all tort'ring fears,
Her looks each hell-born thought subdue.
Now to the dark, the nether world,
Dire War and all its train are flown;
Famine to hell is ever hurl'd,
And Poverty will ne'er be known!
Rejoice, ye sons of men; the great Creator praise:
With grateful hearts adore---to Him your voices raise!

No more the brazen trumpets sound,
That bid the soldier fly to arms;
No more he fears the scarring wound,
Or feels the pangs of War's alarms:---
Far dearer thoughts his soul employ;
Far dearer scenes engage his heart;---
The social hearth, domestic joy,
To him an ecstacy impart.
Rejoice, ye sons of men; the Great Creator praise:
With grateful hearts adore---to Him your voices raise!

The gallant guardians of our shore
To home with cheerful hearts return!
Their souls, amidst the tempest's roar,
With patriot virtue constant burn:
Dangers undaunted they endure,
Their country's love is all their pride;
A traitor's offers they abjure,
And scorn from Britain to divide....
Rejoice, ye sons of men; the great Creator praise:
With grateful hearts adore....to Him your voices raise!

Britannia now no longer dreads
Invasions from a ruthless band;
Treason no longer rears its heads,
And terrifies this happy land:
Commerce resumes her former sway,
And fearless spreads her swelling sails;
To distant regions bends her way,
Borne on the wings of fanning gales.
Rejoice, ye sons of men; the great Creator praise:
With grateful hearts adore....to Him your voices raise!

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON. VISCOUNTESS GALLWAY.

[BY MRS. VILLA-REAL GOSCH.]

SWEET excellence, farewell!....but, stay the tear;
Her virtues waft her to a happier sphere:
Yet, can we cease those virtues to deplore,
Which heav'n has snatch'd from earth's most precious store?
Oh! in that form how chastely were combin'd
An angel's beauty with an angel's mind!
How sweetly did her every action prove
Connubial duty and maternal love!

Farewell, for ever!....angels guard thy bier,
And, pitying, drop o'er human griefs a tear!
They bear thee on their silver wings to heav'n,
Yet mourn the wound relentless Fate has giv'n;

For

For earthly woes celestial pity feel,
And droop o'er sorrows which they cannot heal....
Thy matchless worth was form'd the world to bless...
To paint it better...I should feel it less.

[*.* We understand, that a poem on the death of the late universally-lamented Duke of Bedford, by this favourite of Melpomene, is now in the press, and will soon be published.]

SONNET TO MRS. GOOCH.

On reading "TRUTH AND FICTION."

AH! such is life, and such its chequer'd road;
So *Truth* and *Fiction* guide us on our way!
Early the Passions lead us wide astray,
While Reason vainly points to Truth's abode:
And well the many windings dost thou trace,
Of each extreme, that finds in life a place;
Bringing before us scenes of various view;
Here all the sadness of the cypress gloom,
There all the beauties of the May-day bloom,
And flow'rs of ev'ry sweet and ev'ry hue.
With these may all thy future paths abound,
And ev'ry scene with sacred Peace be blest;
May ev'ry blissful hope a *Truth* be found,
And ev'ry joyless fear a *Fiction* in thy breast!

W. J.

LINES TO ANTHEMÆ,

On receiving a Lock of her Hair.

OH! for that vision, by the Graces drest,
Which Berenice's bard so fondly blest;
Or his harmonious spell, who fix'd sublime
Belinda's tress amid the starry clime;
Gave to immortal song each female toy,
And from a trifle rais'd another Troy!
Then, my Anthemæ, o'er each deathless line
Should thy bright Lock with equal lustre shine;

Aërial

Aërial fingers blend their tissued rays,
And Sylphids wanton thro' its auburn maze.
For, sure, with thine not Venus could compare,
Her rich redundance of ambrosial hair;
When Zephyr's sweetest sigh its perfume shed,
And lavish Flora deck'd her fragrant head.

But, ah! my weaker spirit tempts in vain
Th' eternal triumph of their lofty strain:
Befits me best, from Pity's gleaming eye,
The pearly drop of Feeling to supply;
On ev'ry hair to hang that hallow'd dew,
And fancy tears of Love whene'er I view.
Dear object of Devotion! softly rest
Within the sacred casket of my breast!
Nor gem irradiate, nor imperial gold,
Could grace thy glossy charm with gentler fold;
Nor, yet, thy braided magic hope to find
A truer magnet to the tender mind!
Oft o'er thy guarded relic shall the muse
From her sad lyre the lonely plaint effuse;
Oft o'er the precious pledge, enanguish'd, lean,
Still mindful of gay Childhood's sunny scene;
And in idea kiss, to rapture true,
The polish'd temples where it lately grew!

T. D.

LINES TO THADDEUS.

FAREWELL! lov'd youth; for still I hold thee dear,
Though thou hast left me friendless and alone;
Still, still, thy name recalls the heartfelt tear
That hastes Matilda to her wish'd-for home.

Why leave the wretch thy perfidy hath made
To journey cheerless through the world's wide waste?
Say, why so soon does all thy kindness fade,
And doom me thus Affliction's cup to taste?

Ungen'rous deed!...to fly the faithful maid
Who for thy arms abandon'd ev'ry friend;
Oh! cruel thought, that Virtue, thus betray'd,
Should feel a pang that death alone can end.

Yet,

Yet, I'll not chide thee...and, when hence you roam,
Should my sad fate one tear of pity move...
Ah! then, return; this bosom's still thy home;
And all thy failings I'll repay with love.

Believe me, dear, at midnight, or at morn,
In vain exhausted nature strives to rest;
Thy absence plants my pillow with a thorn,
And bids me hope no more on earth for rest.

But if, unkindly, you refuse to hear,
And from despair thy lost Matilda save,
Ah! don't deny one tributary tear
To glisten sweetly o'er my early grave!

MATILDA.

ADDRESS FROM A FELON TO HIS CHILD,

ON THE MORNING OF HIS EXECUTION.

[Written by Mrs. OPIE, and respectfully inscribed to the Philanthropic Society.]

POOR babe! that thro' this darksome grate
Survey'st yon crowd with curious eye,
If thou wouldst learn why thus they wait...
Know, 'tis to see thy father die!

To see how I that death shall bear
They deem for crimes like mine most fit;...
Crimes urg'd by want, which many there
Were never tempted to commit!

A death, sweet innocent! for which
Thou'lt be, alas! one day revil'd;
For with my guilt the rude of speech
Too often will reproach my child!

Poor outcast! whither canst thou turn?...
Thy future fate adds pangs to mine:
I must my own offences mourn,
And fear, devoted babe! for thine!

* * * * * * * * *

For

For all thou canst from me receive
Is but a legacy of shame;
And, shouldst thou up to manhood live,"
Thou'lt learn to curse thy father's name!

But, while my guilt's to thee unknown,
Come, let me press thee to my breast...
Thou treasure without crime...my son...
Thou only wealth I e'er possest!

Thou pledge of pure and faithful loves,
Image of one I still deplore;
Yet now her death a blessing proves...
She lives not to behold this hour!

But from my arms, ah! wherefore fly?
Why do I court thy kiss in vain?
Whence spring those tears? what means that cry?
Ah, me! thou fear'st my clanking chain!

'Till now I felt not all its weight;
But soon they'll come my limbs to free:...
When I am summon'd to my fate,
My arms, unchain'd, may close on thee!

Then welcome, bitter hour of death:...
Thou'l't be of some keen pangs beguil'd;
For, e'er I yield my forfeit breath,
I closely may embrace my child!

And, see, they come to take me hence!...
My injur'd, precious boy, adieu!
Oh! cruel world, for my offence
Wilt thou this child with horror view!

Ah! yes:...with me his hopes must die;
For who will take him to their care?...
The prudent e'en his sight will fly,
Lest, with my blood, my guilt he share!

And soon to vice and mis'ry driv'n,
Unknown, or else disdain'd, by worth;
Untaught, my child, the way to heav'n,
Thou'lt yet be deem'd unfit for earth!

* * * * * * * *

What

What words are these that to my soul
A feeling like delight impart?...
That fear and agony control,
And bind an almost broken heart?

They say, a gen'rous few have join'd
(The pride of these enlighten'd times),
Poor, outcast, orphan babes to find,
And save them from their parent's crimes!

To them Instruction's page they ope;
Teach them to toil for honest fame;
And by their own good actions hope
To wipe away their parent's shame.

Blest men, a dying culprit's pray'r
Now seeks for you the heav'nly throne;
For making thus our babes your care,
May heav'n reward you in your own!

RAVIA'S URN.

A Ballad.

COME, maidens, cull the choicest flow'rs
That blossom in the solar ray;
Seek these cypress-shaded bow'rs,
Nor hail the rosy brow of Day.
Slowly chaunt the song of love,
Soothe the spirit of the grove!
Strew along the mossy way
The primrose and the vi'let gay;
Sweet Philomel shall plaintive mourn
Her solemn dirge o'er Ravia's Urn.

Bid the shepherd-boy attend,
And guide the tend'rest yearlings here,
Where, soft, the mournful willows bend
Low, to shed a silent tear.
Bid him chaunt a softer strain,
Call Reflection from her fane:
Cease, ye zephyrs! cease to chide
The mournful murm'rings of the tide.
Hither, maidens, come and twine
Your garlands round this sacred shrine.

Let

Let Erebus bedim the eye....
The roseate, phosphor eye of Day;
Let Nature veil the glowing sky,
And Luna shed her silver ray.
Chaunt aloud your song of love,
Plaintive mourner of the grove:
Hither, maidens, come and bring
The choicest blossoms of the spring:
Come, Melancholy, leave thy cave,
And breathe a sigh o'er Ravia's grave!

Tooley Street,
13th April, 1802. S.

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADE

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Home-ward.

NEW CHARADE.

MY First we are pleas'd to behold
When the pleasures of childhood delight;
My Second appears when we're old;
And my Whole is mix'd colours and white.

Correspondence, &c.

ALL incomplete Articles should be brought to conclusion *in our next Number; as that which is to succeed will be the commencement of a new Volume.*

Louisa's *Communications are received.*

The Letter of Agatha, *relating merely to a private and domestic transaction, would be very uninteresting to our Readers.*

B. A.'s *Poem will be returned.*

Belinda's *Proposal has been anticipated.*

M. *has a thankless trouble in* transcribing *well-known Essays.*

Such Communications as are not received by the 7th day of the Month are little likely to be inserted before the ensuing Number.

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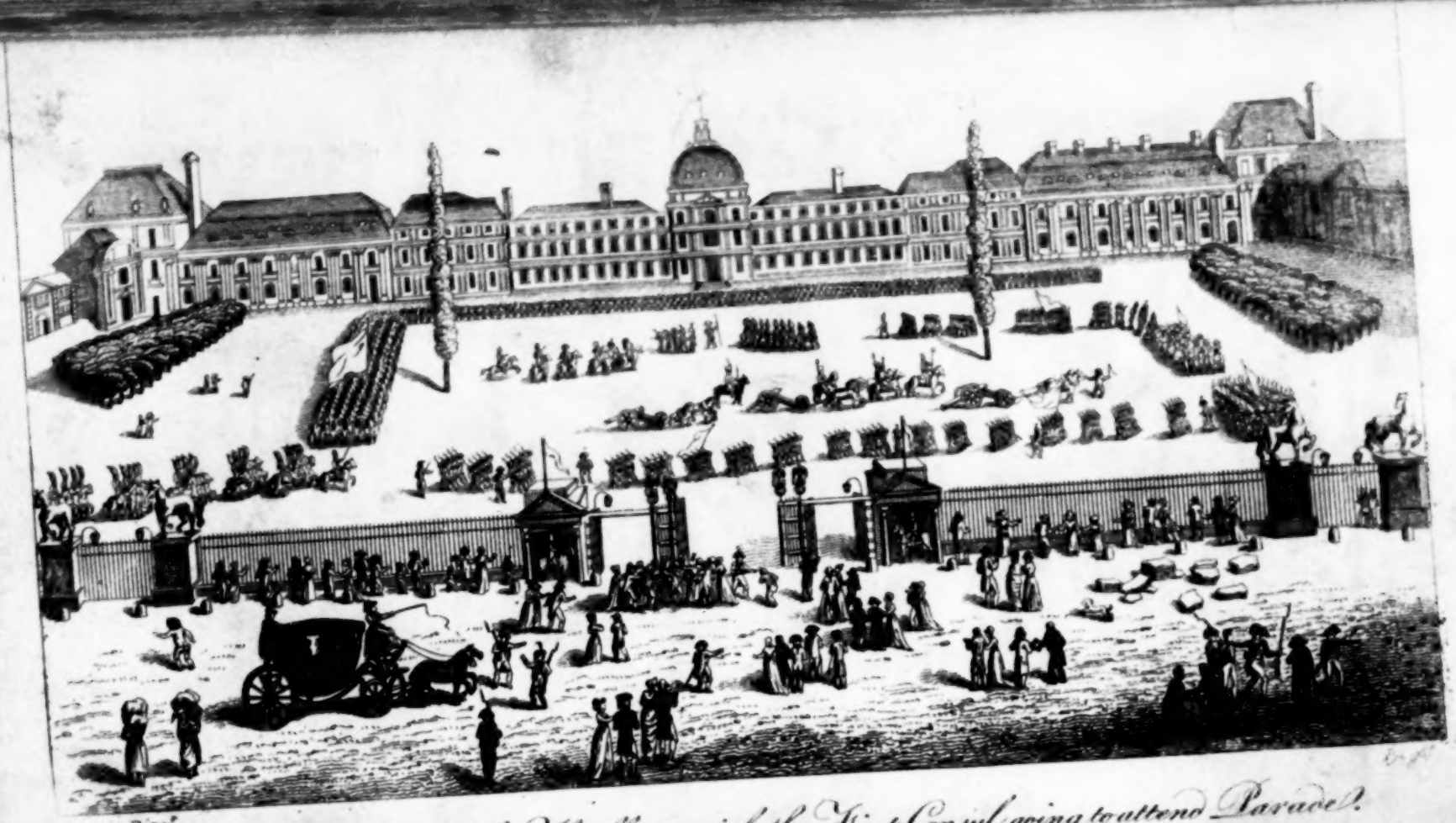

View of the Palace of the Thuilleries, with the First Consul going to attend Parade.